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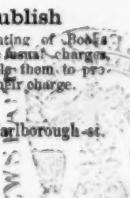
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"THACKERAY."—In an account of Mr. Thackeray, extracted from the New York Tribune, and published at page 578, it was stated that Chambers's Cyclopaedia had commended Titmarsh as a "quiet observer." The phrase in Chambers is as follows: "Titmarsh is a quick observer, and original in style of description."

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE CRITIC.

The next number of THE CRITIC (on December 15) will be a Christmas double number, and will contain a large quantity of beautiful engravings from the *Illustrated Books of the Season*. Of this number, twelve thousand five hundred copies will be printed to supply the demand that will be made in addition to its regular Subscribers, and therefore it will offer an unusual advantage to Advertisers, especially for Schools, Books, Publications of the Season, Music, Works of Art, and such like. As only a limited space can be given to advertisements in the Christmas number, and they will have the preference in the order in which they are received at the office, Advertisers should forward them as speedily as possible. *No additional charge beyond the regular scale will be made for Advertisements in this number.*

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

The arrangements for this publication are completed.

It will be entitled *Beautiful Poetry*, as most simply expressing its design.

It will contain exclusively the really beautiful poetry that has been uttered in the English language, selected with great care and with purpose to give place to nothing that is not worth reading again and again, because of its beauty. Whatever is excellent in itself will be gathered into its pages, however old or familiar; but no "original poetry" will find a place, therefore rhymers need not trouble themselves to send their verses, as already some have threatened to do.

Four pages in every number will be printed in a smaller type, in double columns, and separately paged, so as to be removed from the rest, and form a distinct volume, with a distinct title, *The Poetry of Travel*. This is designed to be a travelling companion, and to contain the best things the Poets have sung about the places in the world usually visited by tourists.

Each number will consist of thirty-two pages of the best paper. The outside leaves will form a wrapper, and will be devoted to communications, advertisements, &c.

The price will be threepence per number, and a number will be published on the 1st and 15th of every month.

For the convenience of those who live remote from booksellers, or who do not regard the small additional cost for the convenience of a sure and speedy receipt of it, some copies will be stamped for transmission free by the post, and the price of stamped numbers will be fourpence.

Subscribers to THE CRITIC will be supplied with stamped copies at threepence halfpenny.

Orders, therefore, for stamped copies of *Beautiful Poetry*, should be sent to THE CRITIC Office, whence they will be supplied by the post on the day of publication.

But unstamped copies must be ordered through the Booksellers in the country.

The first number will appear on the 1st of January.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT may be called the "Official Literature," naturally arising out of the national obsequies bestowed upon the late Duke of WELLINGTON, is easily to be comprised under two heads; first, the ode composed for the occasion by the Poet Laureate; and, second, the Parliamentary Oratory which was provoked in the House of Commons by the claim made upon the Honourable Assembly for a sum of money to defray the expenses of the noble pageant. Far above and away from all the other literature that the melancholy event gave birth to, and dwelling in a region of its own, is TENNYSON's beautiful ode, a strain of sweet, low muffled music, so different from the wild and rich trumpet-melody of *Locksley Hall*, or the mystic thunder-wail of the *Morte d'Arthur*; nor is it unpleasant to be made aware by the carpings of the small critics that there still may be said of ALFRED what was said

of MIRABEAU; *sa popularité n'est pas populacière*:— "his popularity is not of the populace!" The Parliamentary Oratory, on the other hand, was of the most curious description. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who probably husbands his strength for his biography of the late TOM MOORE, had not a word to say; and Mr. GLADSTONE, who could write a long essay in the *Quarterly* on the late BLANCO WHITE, was similarly barren, and contented himself with quoting a passage from a recent speech delivered somewhere in North Britain by the noble author of *Essays by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings*. Sagacious GLADSTONE! The French say:—"Talk to a pretty woman of her talents; to a clever woman of her beauty;" and acting on this hint Mr. GLADSTONE neatly complimented Lord JOHN RUSSELL by quoting from a speech of a statesman who has some reputation for a certain small administrative *finesse*, but who was never understood to be much of an orator. Then comes the noted *faux pas* of Mr. DISRAELI, which has been partially explained away by the letter of Mr. SMYTHE, and which, if not explained away at all, is infinitely more trifling than the oratorical robberies daily committed by MIRABEAU, who is generally understood to have been a great orator and a great statesman, and whom even the late Sir ROBERT PEEL admired as both. Mr. DISRAELI's petty larceny was discovered by MAHONEY of *The Globe* (the "Father Prout," of *Fraser*), had it not been for the generous defence of *The Times*, he would have fared badly, for all the hostile *litterateurs* were up in arms against him; some noted criminals (as is usual and even prudent in these cases), shouting the most vociferously, "Stop Thief!" *Woe unto you*, says Scripture, *when all men speak well of you*; if the converse were true, what an enviable man would Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI be! In a purely literary point of view (for of course there can be but one opinion as to the morality of the affair), it could even be wished that there were established a tacit understanding that it is allowable in English orators (as till lately it was allowable in English dramatists), to "adapt" extensively from the French. Clever Frenchmen are so lively, so vivid, so amusing, that a general "adaptation" of their speeches by English orators would wonderfully facilitate the perusal of those melancholy newspaper-columns which convey to the public the "wisdom of Parliament;" instead of as at present a Pacific Ocean of slush, a clear and sparkling rivulet of speech would attract and solace the weary wanderer. Or if, in place of fastening on little borrowing of words, the question were to be mooted; "where do Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen get their *ideas*, such as the 'ideas' are?"—there might suggest themselves a variety of very singular considerations, which, in the present state of "public opinion," it would scarcely be wise to broach.

THACKERAY's success may be said to be complete. Not only is he thought good enough to be admitted into the charmed circle of American "aristocratic" society, not only are the Americans to give him 2,000 dollars for his lectures, but his "portrait" is to be published in England next February, "Engraver's proofs on India paper 2l. 2s.; prints, 1l. 1s." and his new novel, of which a second edition is being printed, is inscribed to a Lord, who is said to be one of the wealthiest in England. Time was that an outcry was raised when LEIGH HUNT, on a similar occasion, addressed Lord BYRON as "my dear BYRON," and it was one poet dedicating to another, both of them, too, being very "liberal" politicians. THACKERAY's nobleman, whom he addresses as "my dear Lord" is not like BYRON, at all literary; he has not written novels like Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord NORMANBY, or prefaces to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and lectures for Mechanics' Institutions like the "good" Earl of CARLISLE. He is simply a very respectable and very opulent nobleman who filled a small place in the final administration of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, and who, when recently asked to become their arbitrator by the Amalgamated Engineers, showed distinctly that he considered "discretion" to be not only "the better part of valour," but of counsel also. Lord ASHBURTON is understood to cultivate the acquaintance of several eminent men of letters, without announcing the fact in the newspapers when he asks them to dinner (as did Lord JOHN RUSSELL regularly in the case of Mr. DICKENS and Mr. ANTHONY PANIZZI), and Mr. THACKERAY subscribes himself his Lordship's "obliged friend and servant," and talks of much kindness received from "you and yours,"—not blazoned in the

newspapers. Certainly, it would be pleasant to see a friendly relation subsist between the men of letters and the aristocracy, unmarked by the personal sycophancy which vitiated the connexion in the seventeenth century, or by the political subserviency with which it has been accompanied through the eighteenth century down almost to our own day; witness the case of the Whigs and their "obliged friends and servants," the MACKINTOSHES, MOORES and MACAULAYS. A germ of something better, seems to be sprouting now, apparent in THACKERAY's dedication, for instance. If Mr. DICKENS and his friends of the Guild of Literature dine at the Duke of DEVONSHIRE's the Duke also dines at Mr. DICKENS's. Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTON is (or was) a Protectionist, and remains a Conservative; but his intimacy with "Liberal" writers seems not a whit diminished on that account. Her Majesty can scarcely be supposed to "take in," or admire *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, but DOUGLAS JERROLD, its Editor (who by-the-bye is engaged to lecture at the Manchester Athenaeum) is preparing a play which is to be "set before the Queen" in royal privacy at Christmas, and then to be represented at the Princess's.

As formerly intimated, Lord JOHN RUSSELL is to preside at the annual meeting of a Leeds Literary Institution, and the happy day is now fixed for the 8th of December, exactly a week before the date of the faithfully-promised appearance of the first two volumes of the *Memoirs of Moore*. The Earl of CARLISLE has announced as the subject of his approaching lecture at Sheffield, "the Poetry of Gray," and two notable lawyers are likewise coming forward as amateur lecturers (neither of them gentlemen whom a foolish modesty will deter from a public appearance of any kind) Mr. SAMUEL WARREN, the author of the *Diary of a Late Physician*, at Hull, of which northern port he was lately made Recorder, and Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN at the southern port of Southampton. A slight controversy seems likely to arise as to the desirability of this amateur lecturing on the part of noble Earls and Learned and Honourable Gentlemen. On the one hand, Literary Institutions, badly managed, and therefore poor, and therefore again forced to be economical, are glad of any respectable gratuitous lecturing, and naturally hail the appearance of their platforms of men of station and name. On the other hand, noble Earls and Learned and Honourable Gentlemen are, like their neighbours, fond of a little self-display; an occasional lecture costs them nothing, and they receive for it more applause or flattery than the same amount of exertion would readily or easily procure them in any other arena. Certainly one cannot compliment Lord CARLISLE on the choice of the subject he is about to discourse on to the hard-handed and hard-headed mechanics of Sheffield, and "the poetry of EBENEZER ELLIOTT" would have been rather more in place than "the poetry of GRAY,"—mere metrical mosaic which even JOHNSON could not away with. On the whole, perhaps, it may be said of the lecturing of Earls, what JOHNSON said of the preaching of women: "Sir, it is like the dancing of dogs; it is not well done; but you wonder that it is done at all!"

The Universities everywhere are giving signs of life and activity. The Cambridge University Commission has put forth its report, which, like that of Oxford, recommends the appointment of a number of public Lecturers, subsidiary to the Professors; a most important suggestion; for a certain freedom to teach is as much required as freedom to learn. Oxford, beginning to read the motto of our age, "Reform or Revolution," accepts Lord DERBY's permission to improve itself, and is distributing among its heads, with an invitation to "discuss," the recommendations of the Commissioners; while the students have formed a Debating Society, to discuss nothing else! London University threatens something like an "agitation," to procure the admission of a Democratic element into its governing body, and to demand for two representatives of its own the Parliamentary seats vacant by the disfranchisement of Sudbury and St. Albans,—an act which is a sign of the times. Edinburgh University is stirred up by its new Professor, the active and vivacious BLACKIE, who wishes to relieve the Academic Teacher of pedagogic drudgery. Glasgow, according to some enthusiastic brethren of the press, has taken a retrograde step in choosing for its Lord Rector the Irish Viceroy and giver of the famed Tournament, the Earl of EGLINTON, instead of the intellectual Duke of ARGYLE. Really, how-

ever, it is so unusual for Scottish Peers to spend their money for the amusement of the public, that one is not astonished at the preference given to the once dashing Earl. And the Duke's "intellectuality" consists in having written some very dry pamphlets on subtle points of theological politics. The lean poet of antiquity put lead in his pockets, to preserve himself from being blown away. If "intellectual" heaviness conferred a corresponding material weight, a lean poet, now-a-days, with the Duke's pamphlets in his pocket, might stand the shock of a tornado,—"like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved!"

The spring-tide of renovation or innovation which is beginning to be at work everywhere in our social system has told even on such a withered old tree as the Society of Antiquaries, and it is feebly putting forth a leaf or two, in the shape of pamphlets and meetings, for and against the recent reduction of its annual subscription. Mr. JOHN BRUCE, its active Treasurer, lately editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, is the author of the change, and has successfully advocated its right to a trial, in the fond hope that "cheapness" will restore the pristine glories of his society. Alas! Gentlemen of the Society of Antiquaries, your case is a desperate one, and is not to be cured by a reduction of subscription money. When "antiquarianism" consisted in knowing about the architecture, buildings, dress, arms, household implements of our ancestors, it was natural that men should promote it by meeting together to exhibit and learnedly discourse about what BURNS calls a "rowth o' auld nick-nackets." But now it is their thoughts and emotions that we wish resuscitated; and THOMAS BAGFORD himself could do nothing for us in that way. Even as regards information, the true Society of Antiquaries, in an age of the Press, is a publication like *The Gentleman's Magazine* or *Notes and Queries*, where you can insert your new fact, or have your curiosity gratified, for a very small "annual subscription," and without stirring further from home than to the nearest post-office.

Science, literature, and literary society have suffered of late three losses, in the deaths of Dr. MANTELL, Miss BERRY, and Mr. J. H. REYNOLDS. Next to Sir CHARLES LYELL, perhaps, Dr. MANTELL has done more than any contemporary Englishman to popularize his interesting science by such works as *The Wonders of Geology*, and *The Medals of Creation*, and by those pleasing lectures, of which it might be said, that to hear them was to praise them. With the death of Miss BERRY, to whom some "sixty years ago" the septuagenarian HORACE WALPOLE, fascinated by her youthful charms, talents, and amiability, offered his withered hand, has snapped the "last link that bound us" to a state of society when a WALPOLE, instead of lecturing at Mechanics' Institutions, *printed* by stealth, and blushed to find it fame, and talked of the author of *Humphrey Clinker* as "one SMOLLETT, once a surgeon in the navy." Mr. J. H. REYNOLDS was a contributor to *The London Magazine* in its palmy, and to *The Athenaeum* in its early days. The latter journal contains an instructive notice of him, and says: "With him has probably passed away the person most competent to write the Life of Thomas Hood, whose brother-in-law he was."

In a recent number of the same journal there appears an ill-natured letter from a country correspondent, on the subject of the Hood memorial, complaining of the publicity given to the Whittington Club, to those of its members, the obscure young men, who commenced, and are promoting, the subscription, and to Miss ELIZA COOK, whose verses suggested the "movement." "We agree with him," says *The Athenaeum*, "that it would have been wiser in the movers to have secured the visible action of Mr. Hood's literary brethren in a matter of the kind, and to have said nothing about Miss Cook's verses, of which, we must suppose, that lady herself will feel 'the less said, the better.'"
The *Athenaeum's* enthusiasm has cooled wonderfully since the "movement" began! As to the "visible action of Mr. Hood's literary brethren," Mr. DICKENS and Mr. LANDOR, when applied to, refused even a subscription! It is well understood that in these cases nobody at all cares about the ostensible object; but that the whole "movement" is got up to procure a little "social capital"; and those first in the field have a perfect right to keep such capital to themselves. When it was seen that the "movement" was taking, Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD asked that he and his friend Mr. PHILLIPS, the Literary Gentleman to *The Times*, should be placed on the committee, which request

the young men of the Whittington Club very naturally refused: hence *The Athenaeum's* tears. As to the sneer at poor Miss Cook's verses, it comes with a very bad grace from the editor of *The Athenaeum*, who should remember a proverbial warning addressed to inhabitants of glass houses, against the throwing of stones. A meeting of the subscribers to the memorial (among whom is now Lord JOHN RUSSELL) is to be held on Thursday to consider the complaint of *The Athenaeum*.—While a new memorial to a "new poet" was being discussed, Government has been making up its mind to take measures for the preservation of the memorial of the poet of England, and an act of Parliament is formally to vest the custody of SHAKESPEARE's House in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who are to isolate it by removing the surrounding dwellings, and do what human means can do to guard it from sudden destruction by fire, or the slow dissolution of natural decay.

The Association for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, which is headed by Mr. COBDEN and Mr. MILNER GIBSON, is about to open another winter campaign, and, judging from a speech recently made by its Secretary, Mr. DOBSON COLLETT, at a public dinner at which the present writer lately "assisted," new ground is to be broken by the agitators, and new line of argument adopted, of some interest to the Literary Class. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Secretary DOBSON COLLETT had undertaken to propose "The Press," but instead of the usual laudations of its invaluable energy and honesty, he abused it in the frankest manner, declaring that, with the exception of the writers in *The Times*, all the daily journalists in London were "slaves," and that their emancipation could only be effected by the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. Post-prandial limitations did not allow a full and free demonstration of this singular thesis, and it is to be hoped that in the course of the agitation, Mr. COLLETT will make it clearer than it at present is. Meanwhile, the true process for the "emancipation" of the Literary Class, the destruction of anonymous writing, is going forward slowly, but surely. "S. G. O." is now SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE at full length; and it is understood that he has been engaged by *The Times* as a regular and paid contributor. It is true that Mr. OSBORNE is an "Honourable and Reverend;" but there are other contributors to *The Times* who have acquired, or are acquiring, social position, and who will not be content with anonymity. For instance, "Bob Lowe," its colonial contributor, has developed himself into "R. LOWE, Esq., M.P. for Kidderminster;" and "Fred Ward," its sanitary contributor, is now "the well-known Mr. F. O. WARD," who attends Congresses at Brussels, and celebrates the inauguration of the "Gospel of Scavengery," by giving a pic-nic to a "distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen," among the ruins of Waverley Abbey, winding-up with champagne and dances on the green sward; which is a curious inauguration for a "gospel" of any kind. The latest inconvenience arising out of the anonymous system, has been severely felt by Mr. W. J. FOX, who is struggling hard to be returned to Parliament as the representative of that ultima Thule of civilization, the Lancashire borough of Oldham. It has been objected to Mr. FOX, by Oldham operatives, that he wrote the letters in *The Times*, signed *Amicus*, which opposed the Amalgamated Engineers. Mr. FOX appealed to the editor of *The Times*, who formally exculpated him. Then came another charge, more difficult and delicate to handle. Mr. FOX writes in the *Weekly Dispatch*, under the signature of *Publicola*; and it so happens that another writer in the *Dispatch* was in the habit of opposing the Amalgamated Engineers; with this writer Mr. FOX is confounded, and he must not even, to clear himself, "betray the secrets" of the journal with which he is connected. As a further and beautiful illustration of the working of the anonymous system, let it be added that the paid writer of the *Dispatch*, who did oppose in that journal the claims of the Operative Engineers, was, at the same time, the paid secretary of the Master Engineers! Since this controversy was first re-opened in the columns of *THE CRITIC*, the advocates of anonymous writing have gained an ally in the person of the Literary Gentleman to *The Leader*. Some time ago, *The Leader* announced the approaching appearance of a French *Athenaeum*, in which the articles were to be signed with the writers' names:—this, said *The Leader*, was the fairest plan, both for reviewers and reviewed. Lately, announcing the similar appearance of a German

Athenaeum, *The Leader* withdraws its approval of publicity in the writers, and says that the public only cares for careful analyses and good extracts. With singular inconsistency, *The Leader* goes on to ask—"Where is the German that can give these?" Why, that is precisely what one wants to know: "Where is he?" Which means, of course, "Who is he!" Be inconsistent from number to number, if you choose, O Literary Gentleman to *The Leader*, but, for decency's sake, do not contradict yourself in one and the same paragraph. To wind up this disquisition, the welcome fact will serve that in the advertisement of a new work, *History in Ruins*, its author, Mr. GEORGE GODWIN, announces himself as "The Editor of *The Builder*."

A clever novel, published the other day, *The Fortunes of Francis Croft*, and of which the hero is literary during a portion of his career, goes at some length, and with some strength, into the vexed Condition-of-Literature question. The hero boldly pronounces for an endowment of authors—half a million to be raised to begin with! Fancy such an item in the estimates! DAVID HUME once said that the humblest position in the republic of letters was more glorious than the highest out of it. In like manner Mr. FRANCIS CROFT thinks that to execute the most trifling literary performance capable of extensively interesting the public requires more thought and intellect than to conceive and carry out the wisest stroke of public policy. If this were so, it might be well that noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen should go more and more numerously into literature and lecturing in order that they may thus come to discern the gifts and merits of its professors!

The exhaustive list in last CRITIC of new publications of mark on the point of appearing, leaves little to be said on the present occasion. The *Letters of an Englishman* from *The Times* (doubtfully attributed to Mr. HENRY REEVE, the translator of *De Tocqueville*, and to which *De Tocqueville* is doubtfully said not to have been a stranger) are about to be published in a collective form; so also from *The Daily News*, are Miss MARTINEAU's *Letters from Ireland*. A second edition of *Niebuhr's Life* is to comprise a new third volume, containing, among other things, a disquisition by Chevalier BUNSEN on "NIEBUHR's politics";—if there is a demand that space should be rapidly filled, the Chevalier is the person for the feat! The pleasant *Diary and Correspondence* of the amiable EVELYN is reaching still another edition, and will keep its ground against the diverting folly of PEPYS. The notes and illustrations to *THACKERAY's Lectures*, formerly announced, are to be the work of Mr. JAMES HANNAY, a rising young author, Literary Gentleman to *The Daily News*, and writer of a pleasant paper on "The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin" in the last number of *The Westminster Review*. The authoress of *Quakerism, or the Story of My Life*, a truly womanlike exposure of the "inner-life" of a conceited and Pharisaical sect, has wisely discarded the anonymous, and as Mrs. GREER, promises still further revelations:—let Mr. EDMUND FRY have a care. Rising into History, Mr. GRAVE has to announce the advent of an English translation of RANKE's recent and heavy work on *The Civil Wars and Monarchy of France during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*; decidedly a doubtful speculation. Sinking into Fiction, he may congratulate the circulating-library world; for Miss BRONTE, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, has not been idle in her Yorkshire solitudes, and "Currier Bell" will soon give us a new novel.

When the "Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League" advertised, some time ago, sundry prizes for the best essays on the results of Free Trade (the compositions were all to be sent in by the 1st of December), it was remarked here that the names of respectable and competent adjudicators should have been announced as a guarantee to the Literary World. No doubt it must have been difficult for Mr. GEORGE WILSON and his associates to procure the aid of respectable and competent adjudicators; but such an achievement was necessary to success. The result has been as was expected, and the "Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League," now advertise "at the request of several gentlemen," that the period for the reception of essays is to be extended to the 1st of March. A prize might be safely offered for the discovery of any "gentleman" willing, without other guarantee, to compose an elaborate essay on which Mr. GEORGE WILSON and his associates are to sit in critical judgment.

FRANK GRAVE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. London: LONGMAN; Edinburgh: MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 1852.

The contents of this book are so miscellaneous, that it is difficult to characterize it as a whole. A sapient critic, writing in a periodical which is chiefly remarkable for its aridity and dulness, has pronounced it the profoundest work of the age, an assertion most absurd, if for no other reason, because three-fourths of the volume are on topics wherein profundity would be exceedingly out of place. But of all living men who have conspicuously ventured into the vast and misty realm of metaphysical speculation, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON is probably the least profound. To be profound demands not merely a powerful and penetrating intellect, but a rich and fecund phantasy, a radiant sense of the godlike, and a perennial, oceanic flow of intuitional emotion. Now Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON is an accomplished scholar, a most unexceptionable logician, and a lucid writer; it is plain, however, that the wings of imagination have never raised him from the bare earth to the starry Empyrean, that he has never had one glad and mighty glimpse of the Divine through the visions of the heart, that archangels have never been ministers to his struggling thoughts, and that Titans have never flashed with their most ancient grandeur on his dreams. In truth, he is, as so many of our German brethren have been, during the last fifty years, a monstrous anachronism in the present age. It has been boasted that his erudition is mediæval; unfortunately his mind and his modes of treating all subjects are mediæval too. He is a scholastic born out of due time. If he had lived five or six hundred years ago, he would have held a distinguished place among those subtle spirits who have left us countless piles of enormous folios, which are supposed to contain a great deal of wisdom, but which few in these days of newspapers, railroads, and electric telegraphs have the courage to approach. Not that we would speak with contempt of the Scholastic Philosophy, with irreverence of its master minds, or with ingratitude for the services which it and they have rendered to mankind. They marched by the light that was in them; they did what they could, and it is not enough to condemn them that they dealt exclusively with abstractions, for it is through abstractions that men rise to Universal Ideas, and Universal Ideas are, when they assume a moral aspect, the strength, the salvation, the noblest, most abiding incentives of our race. But we do not want a revival of Scholasticism any more than we want Greek Fire to supplant Gunpowder, though Greek Fire did its work of murder with most marvellous success. Scholasticism was only possible in a peculiar political, religious, and social condition of the community, nothing like which can ever again return. There are persons who would fain persuade us that we should reconcile Free Trade and Protection, reap all the advantages of Socialism while avoiding all its supposed perils, if we could summon back the old Guilds to life. They who would reconstitute the Guilds, and they who would rebuild Scholasticism, display about equal sagacity.

In reading through this ponderous and dreary tome, which looks as if it had been striving hard to swell into a folio of the orthodox size but had failed we feel as if we were stumbling painfully through Gothic vaults, damp, dismal and low, and chilled by a feeble unsunny light more melancholy than absolute darkness. The book has no relation to the breath, movements, and yearnings of the world. It is a huge mummy, swathed not in Egyptian linen, but in Scottish tartan. The only symptoms of life which it occasionally gives are its pugnacities. When Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON rebukes Mr. ARTHUR JOHNSON for attempting to translate TENNEMANN's History of Philosophy while ignorant of German, or demolishes Dr. WHEWELL and Mr. JULIUS CHARLES HARE, the mummy starts up into the semblance of a sinewy man; and the kicks have an unmistakeable sound of being solidly and suitably administered,—howls and whimperings as of kicked pygmies following. But when the pygmies have sobbed themselves out of sight, the mummy is once more on its back

in the frozen hideousness of its bandaged dignity. Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON has, of course, a perfect right to mummify himself; we dispute, however, his right to mummify the universe. At all events we have no relish for living in the stomach of an Infinite mummy, which is the only mode of existence that he is willing to grant us. Tom Thumb, when he was swallowed by the cow, had at least the consolation of knowing that he was surrounded by vital forces; but to be imprisoned in Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's mummified universe, is to have round us evermore the torturing smell and stifling pressure of death. We care not what ability a man may display who would stand up at this hour of earth's history and offer no remedy for earth's evils but a resurrection of the past. Nothing good or great perishes without bequeathing its essence, the divinest part of itself, as a precious and immortal inheritance to humanity. But to reconstruct the institutions and systems of the past is like grinding tomb-stones to be made into wholesome and nourishing bread. Who does not see, for instance, that the Technical Logic, with its silly rules, silly formulas, and silly distinctions, is one of those pedantic barbarisms that perished with the Scholastic Philosophy? Yet Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON seems to view it as the science of sciences, and the art of arts, and some discoveries which he has made, or supposes that he has made in it, he waves on high as his proudest titles to present honour and everlasting fame. In one of his tedious articles we have a detailed account of a grand combat between him and Professor de MORGAN on logical technicalities, in reading which, our wonder is how two men of undoubted talent can waste their time and weary the patience of others, by pouring out such childish babblement, such intolerable rubbish. An Irishman once said that the way to make workhouse soup was to take a quart of water and boil it down to a pint. Now the patent HAMILTON and De MORGAN way of making logic soup is to take a quart of water, the muddier the better, and boil it down till nothing remains but a dozen particles of dirty sediment. By swallowing one of those particles you are, in some miraculous homeopathic fashion, to experience a sudden transformation of your whole being, and to discern secrets in creation hidden from all but the initiated. If you honestly confess that you experience nothing but an unpleasant taste in your mouth, and see no more clearly into the intestines of a millstone than you had done before, you are pitied as wanting the logical sense, and as manifesting a culpable indifference for those grave and noble studies which become a philosopher.

On other topics Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON displays the same mediæval mania. He has numerous papers on University Reform, in which he can imagine nothing better for Oxford than restoring it to its mediæval condition. Like all men of his stamp, neither feeling the present nor identifying himself with History in its natural developments, he is unable to perceive that the predominant element in what is called the British Constitution, is the Aristocratic; that the organization of the Church of England, of the High Schools, of the Universities, has a necessary correspondence thereto, and that there is nothing exceptional in the position or character of the Universities as long as it is the will of the English people that their Government, like that of Republican Rome, shall remain an Aristocracy. In the Middle Ages the Universities were more democratic, because Government was at once monarchical and popular. All monarchies to be strong require to be popular: all kings, even the worst, give freely; they cannot be disposed to withhold Education more than any other boon, for they have nothing to gain from the ignorance of a nation. It is never monarchical prerogative, it is always aristocratic privilege, which is jealous of popular ascendancy. And never yet has there been, and never will there be, a direct conflict between a monarch and his subjects. The contest of CHARLES the First, that of LOUIS the Sixteenth, began, not with the people, but with aristocratic sections thereof. It would be out of place here to inquire through the operation of what circumstances the Government of England became an Aristocracy, while most continental Governments, and especially that of France,

evolved into Monarchy. We need not say that we are here speaking of the substance and not of the form. But Aristocracy the Government of England unquestionably is, and therefore it is fit that its educational and ecclesiastical institutions should be equally aristocratic. If the Government grew alike more monarchical and more popular, the educational and ecclesiastical institutions would, as is natural, be moulded accordingly. In that case, however, it would be absurd to attempt reforming Oxford and Cambridge on a mediæval model: far wiser would it be to found a grand national University in England's metropolis, more comprehensive in its objects, more liberal in its tendencies, and more generally endowed than any similar establishment in this or any other country. Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON poking in the dusthole of the Middle Ages or debating with Mr. de MORGAN the important question what are the most suitable terms to employ when we want to deny that any man is a fish cannot, we daresay, see anything in our proposal but the impertinence or the stupidity of one who never was fortunate enough to sup on husks with the Scaligers.

Little as we accord with Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON in his plans of University Reform, or sympathize with him in his mediæval propensities, we must nevertheless do him the justice of admitting that his papers on Education are by far the ablest and most valuable part of his book, less for the suggestions they furnish than for the curious historical information they contain. In spite of an arid and uninviting style, he contrives here to make his vast, various, and accurate learning do brave and acceptable service. We are always grateful to any man who brings an addition to our store of facts, and to that extent we are grateful to Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON. But the more readily and cheerfully we make that admission the more strenuously do we dispute his claim to any mental quality except acuteness. Of all the creative faculties he does not possess one. Acuteness detects fallacies, sophistries, is omnipotent in negation. It no doubt fits Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON admirably for being an eminent Professor of Logic at Edinburgh: but it does not entitle him to pronounce, as he so authoritatively pronounces, on the most transcendent problems of Creation. No man can be both a great logician and a great metaphysician: acuteness is the characteristic of the former, profundity of the latter. The extraordinary acuteness of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON as a logician thus excludes his profundity as a metaphysician. We hold, consequently, very cheap his metaphysical feats. He is totally destitute of the true metaphysical genius. The essay of most obtrusive pretensions in the volume is that entitled "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned," in which he attempts to show how the Idea of the Infinite flows from the Idea of the Finite. We shall not drag our readers into the thick of an ontological discussion in which few of them would be likely to take any interest. Still to the merest tyro in such matters it must be evident that the Idea of the Finite flows from the Idea of the Infinite, and not the Idea of the Infinite from the Idea of Finite, forasmuch as from our earliest infancy all around us lies the Infinite, and it is only as we gradually learn to think that we acquire the notion of the Finite, mapping out by an arbitrary process the Infinite for our own convenience. The child lives in an Infinite world: the man in a Finite world; whenever we can clothe ourselves anew with the child's spirit, the Infinite comes to us once more: and it is in a kindred though a more celestial sense that we are urged to be converted and to become as little children if we would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

His whole dealing also with the subject of necessity shows how incapable Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON is of a fruitful glance at the eternal mysteries. Poore or more pedantic commonplace we have rarely met. In metaphysics, as in religion, the sublimest element in life;—life in the fullness of its everlasting and universal flow. That metaphysic is the truest that gives us the most exalted conception; that religion the truest which is the warmest consciousness of life. In speaking of Necessity, therefore, it is not a dead law, a mechanical arrangement, that we

wish to indicate, still less a blind, unpitying Fatalism; we solely maintain that, life being intense all through the universe, it cannot be intensified, which is equivalent to stating that it cannot alter the regularity of its evolutions. From a mistaken devotion, to free God from this Necessity thus introducing into His being and actions the wilfulness of our human caprices, is tantamount to diminishing the sum of Divine and universal life.

Now metaphysicians like Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON are always substituting intellect for life. Their universe is the universe of books, the musty tomes of the scholastics—a universe where intellect is king, but where life never enters. They have nothing, therefore, to tell us of the universe in which our heart beats responsive to the heart of God; but they build a wall all round us with their mouldy quartos, and then hurl at our heads a chaos of incomprehensibilities, which we are to accept as a philosophy. The only metaphysicians who have breathed to the world aught of nourishing truth are the great religious mystics; because their instincts leading them to the Fountain of Life, to that fountain did they lead their brethren who were thirsting for revelations. We have a suspicion, therefore, of all systematic Metaphysics; for all such are, whatever they or their authors may pretend, simply substitutes of the logical for the metaphysical, which means that they are alike insane, impious, frivolous, and barren. It may be observed, by the way, that Atheism becomes impossible, except as a mere disease, the moment you exalt Life to the place now commonly held by Intellect. Universal Life, who can deny? It surges in upon us every instant; our throbings blend every instant with its almighty pulses. But Intellect is only a product, or, more properly, a manifestation, of Life; and of Life it is not the chief feature or the pervading element. It is easy for the Atheist, therefore, if you limit the proof of God's existence to design, which is the same as intelligence, to deny God if design is not everywhere and overwhelmingly obvious, which, except as an aspect and offspring of Life, it certainly is not. But if Life pierces and leaves every fibre of our being—if, as spiritual diffusion or as generative force, it is a lavish Omnipresence, from which we cannot escape—if even death itself is a form of Life, and often one of its most active forms—we leave the Atheist to accumulate sophistical ingenuities, as he chooses, against Order, Design, Intelligence, Law. We care not for his arrogant talk; we feel that we hang as living branches on a living tree, and if he asserts that on that living tree he is not a living branch, he is denying his own existence, and we are not called on, however courteous, to argue with a nonentity. God the Living,—Life the Divine;—on this rock is our firm foot planted, and we defy all assailants.

A Universe without God, that is, a Universe without Life, would be an Infinite Skeleton, an Infinite Stagnancy,—and is it such a Universe that we behold? DESCARTES said, I think, therefore I am: this, by setting forth the priority of Intelligence to Life, was a step toward Atheism. SPINOZA said the Deity consisted of Infinite Thought and Extension: that also was so far Atheistic as it excluded the predominance of Life. What question so often debated as that of Innate Ideas, yet it becomes a sheer waste of words the moment the inferiority and posteriority of Idea to Life are admitted. As mere matter for speculative conflict we should not deem all this worth the slightest attention. But no speculative error is free from moral taint. We see this illustrated in the recommendations which Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON offers to the Anglican Clergy as to the best means of resisting Neologisms, especially those imported from abroad. They are to study Theology more profoundly and scientifically: they are to train themselves as Athletes in Philosophy, and we suppose they are to ponder for years on all the crazy balderdash which he and Mr. de MORGAN have perpetrated on the Technical Logic: that is, they are to conquer the enemy by intellectual weapons. It is well that the Anglican Clergy should be able scholars, and it may be well, also, that they should study philosophy. But what religious system has ever climbed to empire except through its superabundance of moral life: what religious system has ever perished except through its moral life's decline? It was by its moral life that Christianity conquered Heathenism: it was by its moral life that Protestantism conquered Popery. If, therefore, the Clergymen of England are to acquit themselves valiantly in the onslaught on insurgent heresies, it is with the

spear of faith, the breastplate of salvation, that they must rush on the foe. One single martyr soul will be a better ally than an army of logicians. Dark times, manifold disasters, menace all Christian Churches. If Christian Champions press the cross to their hearts as the emblem of heroic devotedness to a noble cause, they will scatter all enemies as with the rush of a whirlwind: but, if they raise round the temples sacred to the Christian's God, a barricade of syllogisms borrowed from Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, if they endeavour to fight for Christianity in the same fashion as the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria fought for Paganism, they may perchance have, as those men of genius and learning had, the best of the argument, but they will have, as they had, the worst of the battle.

ATTICUS.

SCIENCE.

Outlines of a New System of Physiognomy. By J. W. REDFIELD, M.D. London: Webb, Millington and Co.

THE science, if such it can be called, of Physiognomy, can boast but of few disciples. It is little studied, and less believed; and we cannot call to mind a single treatise on the subject since perusing the clever, though vague, generalizations of the enthusiastic LAVATER. He confessed himself unable to reduce his theories into scientific rules; and though we, like most of his readers, can recollect many just and acute observations, many sketches, that might, from their truth, have been living portraits of the present day, which exemplified his favourite doctrines, yet, taken as a whole, they rarely stood the test of application to human nature. Since his time, Phrenology has contributed not a little to place her sister-art of Physiognomy in the background. It has not only been thought that Phrenology was the only true revelation, but that the two were, and must be, irreconcilable, though no better reason could be found for the assertion than that no one had ever attempted the task of reconciling them. Now, for our part, we do not think this impossible of execution; nay, more, we think the task will be some day attempted, and successfully achieved; but all lovers of Physiognomy must be satisfied to abide by the certain result, that their favourite science will only take a secondary and inferior rank. It will never be anything more than the hand-maid of Phrenology. A clever artist once defining the difference between the two sciences to us, compared Phrenology to a torch which supplied the light by which we discovered the inner nature of man from his outward configuration, and Physiognomy to a staff which was merely an aid and support to us in the search. The observation was correct. As a help, Physiognomy may be useful; as a guide, on which to put our entire faith and reliance, it will be found inefficient. The author of the work before us is more sanguine; and having declared so far our own views, the reader will think it time we entered into the explanation of his.

As a scheme of Physiognomy, we are bound to say that his work is a clear and comprehensive one; there is hardly a line, a muscle of the face, of which the author does not give us what he believes to be the signification. Like LAVATER, he considers the nose to be the most important feature in a physiognomical point of view; and that when this feature is bold and prominent, whether aquiline or straight, it announces strength of mind, talent, and originality of character in the possessor. Now this, like many of the doctrines laid down in Physiognomy, is at best only a half-truth. We admit that both aquiline and straight noses are often found associated with the above qualities, but who is there that has not seen individuals endowed with them who could not boast of that prominent member of the face belonging to either class we have named? Dr. REDFIELD also finds the nose to be the seat of many other important faculties, such as self-defence, economy, secretiveness, &c., and believes it to be the habitation of genius, if we may conclude that what he terms the faculties of discovery, analysis, metaphor, comparison, combination, and correspondence are its component parts. These are all located, he tells us, in the septum, or ridge of the nose between the nostrils. Correspondence, we should add, is only another name for the Phrenologist organ of congruity. In regarding the portraits of LAVATER, SHAKESPEARE, and CERVANTES, Mr. REDFIELD discovers

the sign of analogy to be very prominent and believes that it was a natural consequence of possessing this physiognomical trait that they displayed so extensive a knowledge of human nature. It is indicated by the curving of the wing of the nostril upon the septum, causing the posterior part to be somewhat shortened, and gives an intuitive insight into character. If Dr. REDFIELD considers the nose to be the seat of the most important intellectual faculties, the chin, in its horizontal projection, anteriorly and laterally, he defines to be the seat of the affections, the index of love. One of its most important traits is the quality of congeniality, or the wish to find in marriage a person of congenial mind and pursuits to one's own. This is the anterior projection of the centre of the chin, under the first incisor teeth, and is generally larger in woman than in man.

All will admit the truth of Doctor REDFIELD's remarks on the difference between the dispositions of men and women, though they may hesitate to pin their faith on the physiognomical signs which he believes to reveal them. We think the passage worth quoting:

The anterior projection of the chin, next to the sign of congeniality, indicates the faculty of *Desire to be Loved*. This is largest in man, and, when large, gives a prominence on each side of the centre, as shown in the next page. It gives by itself a feminine appearance to the chin, and to the rest of the features, but is out of character in the female chin—desire to be loved being, as a general rule, strongest in man. It is hence natural that man should seek the love of woman, and pay court to her; but unnatural that woman should sue for man's affection. Much has been said of the necessity of woman's love to the happiness of man, but not much of the necessity of man's love to the happiness of woman. The reason is that man has most of the faculty of desire to be loved. It even causes him to forget sometimes that his love is also necessary to her happiness. As woman has most love, it is appropriate that man should have the most desire to be loved; but in judging of its probable gratification in any particular case, it is important that he should know how much love there is in her nature; for if she is incapable of much love, and have also his share of the desire to be loved, she is more or less of a coquette, and of all persons least suited to make him happy.

The prominence of the chin next to the sign of desire to be loved, and under the second incisor teeth, indicates the faculty of *Desire to Love*. This forms the *narrow-square* chin, and is generally larger in woman than in man. The womanly expression of face depends greatly on the faculty of love, of which this is the sign. One who has this sign large wishes to gratify the desire to be loved in the other sex, and is inclined to bestow love as a favour on those who, from circumstances, or lack of wealth, or of personal charms, are not so likely as others to be loved. She is disposed to marry some humble individual, in preference even to her equals in birth and fortune. The faculty of desire to love is therefore a charitable feeling, acting with benevolence and philanthropy, and those who have this sign large are very good to the poor and unfortunate, and seem to give charities in gratitude for the happiness which is conferred on them by the inspiration of this faculty. Desire to love, is, nevertheless, one of the faculties of conjugal love, and causes an appreciation in the wife of those talents and dispositions of mind in which her husband is superior to herself; and which, in connection with the faculties which are stronger in herself, make one whole and perfect man. It relates, singly, to the fact that husband and wife combine the elements of one perfect human being; and that, separately, they are but halves, which the desire to love, and the desire to be loved, are to unite, or rather mingle in one. The faculty of congeniality, on the other hand, relates singly to the fact that, in temperament, they who are one are not opposite, but alike. These two faculties, congeniality and the desire to love, being strongest in woman, she is generally the first to perceive the true relation of husband and wife between another and herself, and is the fittest to decide the suit of her lover—privilege which is generally, but not always, reserved to her.

Other important qualities, according to Doctor REDFIELD, find expression in the chin besides that of loving. Strength of purpose is expressed in the lower jaw, which, acting upon the chin horizontally, causes length downwards. The faculty of *Engrossment* is also expressed in the same feature, and is a necessary adjunct to *Strength of Will*. That of *Abstraction*, which is the opposite to *Engrossment*, is indicated by the length of the chin under the molar teeth; and in studious and sedentary people the sign of it is very large. *Self-will*, *Resolution*, and *Perseverance* are all ex-

pressed in the length of the lower jaw; but we should stand in need of the engravings with which Dr. REDFIELD illustrates his subject, to explain clearly their position to the reader. *Firmness* he discovers in the cervical vertebrae of the neck; *Independence* in the length of the trachea or wind-pipe. The faculty of *Subserviency* he thinks to be indicated by the loose skin on each side of the larynx, extending upward under the chin; and that when it is not sufficient to form folds, which is usually the case, the quality will only be found in moderation. In short, as the reader will find, Dr. REDFIELD, resolving to make his system complete, finds a meaning, or rather half a dozen meanings, in the traits of every feature. Some of his physiognomical characteristics we are quite unacquainted with, and believe they never found a place in a treatise on physiognomy before. Have our readers ever heard of the faculty of *Wave-motion*? Dr. REDFIELD tells us it is large in those fond of the motion of the sea, when disturbed by wind; and that while it is absent in the Irish who care little for dancing (?), it is found in the French, Italians, and particularly the Spanish, who are graceful in it. What again is the *Love of Shadow*? The definition of it appears to us absurd, and should Dr. REDFIELD's treatise reach a second edition, we counsel him to leave out that and some other puerilities we could name. But we should not omit to inform the reader what are the signs which our author finds in that region of the face, hitherto the property of the phrenologists, the forehead.

He sets out by observing, "that the frontal sinuses belong as properly to the face, as do the sinuses of the cheek-bone and nose with which they communicate." The downward projection of the ridge of the eye-brow indicates the power of *Resistance*. In great generals and rulers, as in the common soldier and sailor, this sign is large, as may be expected, for this faculty is pre-eminently the "sinews of war." It is also found to an excess in Revolutionists, and those who are resolute to resist evil, and resent injuries. The *Power of Memory*, and the *Capacity* and *Love of Knowledge*, are found in the sinus of the forehead, extending from the root of the nose, obliquely upward over the ridge of the eye-brow. It announces the gift of an excellent verbal memory, and is seen conspicuously in philosophers, great travellers and archaeologists. The Indian who cultivates his memory by repeating by rote the traditions handed down to him by his forefathers possesses this sign large; and the elephant, whose powers of memory are so well-known, shows it also.

Benevolence and *Kindness* are shown by the perpendicular fibres passing down from the middle of the upper part of the forehead to the root of the nose. The action of these fibres elevates the brow, causing short horizontal wrinkles, which, together with the elevation, indicate the presence of these qualities. Some persons, according to our author, elevate the brow most on the right side, and others on the left. Those with whom the action is greatest on the right, have most of the quality of *Benevolence* or wish to give, and those with whom it is strongest on the left, are most disposed to *Kindness*, or the disposition to help. According to these signs, women are most prone to deeds of benevolence which consist in *giving*, and men to acts of kindness which prompts them to *help*. The indications of *Gratitude*, *Respect*, *Enthusiasm*, *Hope*, *Belief*, *Immortality*, *Truth*, and *Probity* are very remarkable. *Gratitude* is indicated by the upturning of the hairs of the right eye-brow, at the inner extremity, and *Respect* by the upturning of the hairs at the inner extremity of the left eye-brow. Thus *Benevolence* and *Gratitude* have their signs on the right, while *Respect* and *Kindness* have theirs on the left; and this is certainly according to the natural fitness of things, for there is a union between respect and kindness, as there is between gratitude and benevolence.

Those muscular fibres which pass from the top of the forehead to the middle of the eye-brow, causing an elevation of the brow, and horizontal wrinkles on each side of benevolence and kindness, indicate the faculties of *Enthusiasm* and *Hope*; the first having its sign on the right, the latter on the left. These are large in religious persons, who labour for the glory of God and the good of mankind, though sometimes mistaken in their peculiar views. Dr. REDFIELD considers the qualities of benevolence and kindness necessary to the proper exercise of hope and enthusiasm. When the hairs of the outer extremity of the eye-brow are upturned on

the left side, it indicates the faculty of *Belief*; when this is the case on the right side, it shows the presence of *Immortality*. When an individual has a strong belief in the immortality of the soul, the upturning of the hairs will extend to the middle of the eye-brow; and when gratitude and respect are very strong, the upturning of the hair from the inner extremity will reach to the middle of the eye-brow also.

Justice has its seat in the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eye-brows; while the sign of *Penitence* is the length or drooping of the upper eye-lid. This last indicates the disposition to confess one's faults either to the Supreme Being or a "father confessor;" and is found, according to our author, not only among nuns and ascetics of the Romish Church, but—strange contrast!—among reformed gamblers and profligates! To Dr. REDFIELD's remarks on the language of the eye, we must express our dissent. He believes that a small eye is incompatible with a face expressive of reverence and religious feelings; a person having large eyes will have an active mind, and one with small the reverse. Now this is one of those sweeping assertions which, by being easily disproved, has done so much harm to Physiognomy. We have no doubt there are many individuals to be found with small eyes, and no great degree of mental activity; but with regard to our author's dogma, that persons who combine large eyes with ardent religious feeling have consequently a superior quantum of it, we should like to ask him if there are not commonly found among such individuals religious enthusiasts and visionaries, having what he terms large spiritual eyes, but given to reverie, day-dreams, and habits of abstraction? Such persons often literally *dream* their lives away, while your more common-place individual not unfrequently displays more mental as well as physical activity. How small, for instance, were the actual intellectual performances of COLE-RIDGE (who may be justly cited as belonging to the class) compared to those of many of his contemporaries who had far less original talent.

Space forbids us to enter more into the analysis of Dr. REDFIELD's book; but as the reader will have learnt from our sketch, he locates the nobler qualities of the heart and mind in the brow, and many other important ones, including the affections and varieties of the passion of love, in the mouth, lips and chin. We shall look to him for some larger work to demonstrate the truth of his system, of which the present is, as he correctly terms it, merely an outline. We have rejoiced much at the progress of Phrenology, and should be equally pleased could the truth of Physiognomy be as satisfactorily demonstrated. In the spirit, therefore, of POPE's well-known lines:

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man;

we now bid the Doctor farewell, assuring him that though far from agreeing with all his positions, we consider his "outlines" to be a useful contribution to the Science of Man.

The Earth, Plants, and Man; Popular Pictures of Nature. By JOACHIM FREDERICK SCHOUZO, Professor of Botany at Copenhagen. *Sketches from the Mineral Kingdom.* By FRANCIS VON KOBELL. Translated and edited by ARTHUR HENFREY, F.R.S., Author of "The Vegetation of Europe." London: Bohn.

THE most interesting addition yet made to Mr. BONH'S *Scientific Library* is now before us. Professor SCHOUZO has an European reputation as one of the ablest of the investigators of Physical Geography, and in his "Earth, Plants, and Man," he has endeavoured to set forth the results of his researches; many of his opinions are original, and differ widely from those entertained by other naturalists, especially with relation to the origin and early history of plants, but they are not the less acceptable on that account, for his views are not those of a dreamer, but the deductions of a practical mind from the facts it has witnessed. But even those who differ from him cannot but be both amused and instructed with the fulness of information which he brings to bear upon his subject.

Appropriately placed in the same volume are KOBELL'S interesting "Sketches from the Mineral Kingdom," a series of popular lectures that form the best introduction to the science of mineralogy we have ever seen.

Some Observations on the Contamination of Water by the Poison of Lead. By J. BOWER HARRISON, Esq. London: Churchill.

Pulmonary Consumption and its Treatment. By WILLOUGHBY M. BURSLEM, M.D. London: Churchill. It is ascertained now that not a few of the maladies that afflict the inhabitants of large cities are produced by the contamination of water by the lead absorbed, or rather abraded, from the pipes that convey, and the cisterns that contain, it. Mr. HARRISON has therefore done good service by thus collecting, in a compact volume, all the existing knowledge of the causes and cure of this kind of disease. He describes its origin, tells us how it may be avoided, and minutely describes the treatment most efficacious in its removal. It is written for popular reading, and has an interest beyond the circle of the profession.

Dr. BURSLEM adds another to the many Treatises on Consumption. He has had extensive experience as physician to many hospitals where consumptive patients are admitted, and he declares his opinion to be that Phthisis is curable in its early stage, and he recommends the revival of the old practice of emetics. However this may be, there can be no doubt that where there is predisposition or hereditary taint, great care should be taken to avoid that condition of health which puts it into action; and in this his advice is very valuable, because practical.

DRS. LANKESTER and REDFERN have made a most formidable Report upon the *Organic Matters contained in the Waters of the Thames*, and other waters, to which the inhabitants of London are condemned. Its pages are embellished with magnified portraits of the insects found to be living and thriving in the element which forms the sustenance of the good people of London. Such a congregation of monsters. Things like chains; things like lobsters; things like bugs, with long tails; things like eels; things like sucking pigs; things like young birds just hatched; green things, blue things, black things! Ugh! May the Watford Spring Company, at whose request this investigation was made, bring a purer liquid into our houses.—Dr. E. J. FELT has produced another volume of instruction in the art of self-preservation, addressed mainly to females, and to which he has given the name of *Elements of Health and Principles of Female Hygiene*. It abounds in sensible and sound advice upon matters which ought to be as familiar to every man, woman and child, as reading and writing, or any other necessary acquirement. The art of taking care of our health is the art of being happy, for without health there can be no happiness. Yet how terrible is it neglected from childhood upwards? How fearfully the ignorance of the parent or nurse is the cause of a life of suffering to the child. Dr. FELT and those who, like him, endeavour to diffuse among the community a knowledge of the laws by which we live, and how we should live, are the best benefactors to their race. In this volume he treats not only of the management of infancy, but of the entire physical training of the child to maturity, as well mental as bodily, showing how the constitution is to be developed and confirmed, and how health is to be preserved, or if accidentally disturbed, how it is to be restored. The treatise is written in a style singularly pleasing and popular, because thoroughly intelligible, and we can sincerely recommend it as a book that ought to be found upon the shelf in every family, and not merely found there but continually read and referred to.—Mr. J. W. GILBERT has added to his works on the same subject, a treatise on *The Elements of Banking, with Ten Minutes Advice about keeping a Banker*. It is written for popular reading, and familiarly explains the use of a Bank and the manner in which its business is transacted; he points out the distinctions between Private Bankers and Joint Stock Banks both in London and the Country, and gives a detailed account of the Banks of Scotland and Ireland. There are few who would not profit by the perusal of this short but instructive essay.—We have received from Mr. JOHN LANXTRETT a treatise on *The Elements of Land Valuation*, in which he introduces many instructions as to the qualifications and duties of valuators, describes the classification of soils in reference to their value, and the practice of valuation, and adds a number of valuation tables. This work is designed mainly for Ireland, where it is published, but it contains much that would be instructive in England.—*A Guide to the Electric Telegraph*, by Mr. C. M. ARCHER, familiarly describes the construction of the telegraph, and the mode of working it, and collects numerous anecdotes of the manner in which it has been used for various purposes beneficial to the public and to individuals.

HISTORY.

Matthew Paris's English History, from the year 1235 to 1273. Translated from the Latin, by the Rev. J. A. GILES, D.C.L. Vol. I. London: Bohn. EVERYBODY has heard of MATTHEW PARIS; his name is familiar to all who have read any of the standard histories of England, for he is one of the authorities on whom more modern historians have mainly relied for

information as to the thirty-eight years whose events he chronicles. But how many of those who know his name, or of those who use it, have ever read a page of his works. Thanks to Mr. BOHN, that ignorance of his Chronicle need no longer continue. Here it is, ably translated into English. His descriptions of the people, of their pastimes, of the pageants, and of the sayings and doings of foreign courts, as well as of our own, are extremely curious, and will well repay the reader for investigation of these pages.

BIOGRAPHY.

Palissy the Potter. The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his labours and discoveries in Art and Science; with an outline of his Philosophical Doctrines, and Selections from his Works. By HENRY MORLEY. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

HOW BERNARD PALISSY was born poor and died in the Bastile; how in the interval he painted glass, and became a potter of renown, and roamed over hill and dale asking questions and receiving answers from flowers and trees, birds and insects, yea from the hard rocks that to the boy and man spoke audibly; how he nobly struggled and took arms against a sea of troubles, beneath which less valiant spirits would have sunk in despair; and how he opened the gates of his big manly heart to admit all truth, and conserve all truth, and again to emit all truth, to nourish and cherish, if it might be, an untruthful age, the pleasant pages of Mr. MORLEY abundantly set forth. Of BERNARD the Potter we have heard and read in times past, and were glad to make his acquaintance once more in the two volumes before us, which we have read right through without flagging or feeling of weariness, and we are sure so will others read. For Mr. MORLEY appears to have done his work heartily, not by constraint. He has caught the genial spirit of the man he describes, and like him his narrative is "free-hearted, lively, clever." Here and there are repetitions in the narrative, which may displease the fastidious critic; but which are welcome to a slow mind like our own, which is apt to get into a sad state of confusion unless constantly reminded of dates and starting points. Here and there he drops into the quaint humour of the Potter, and dimples his page with a pretty conceit or sly bit of sarcasm, which can offend nobody. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with our author for having entwined a little fiction with his facts—a dangerous process, certainly, if we are left without hint, in history or biography, how to distinguish the one from the other; but here we are warned by preface, foot-note and appendix, where to expect each, and the fiction, besides, has so many probabilities in favour of the reality of the story that we should have been sorry had it been left out. The meeting of PALISSY with MONTLUO of martial memory, with the free-spoken itinerant draper, with the Huguenot student ALAIN and the half-starved alchemist, may be almost taken for granted, though unsupported by historical evidence.

Whether it was in the town of Agen or the hamlet of Chapelle Biron, in the diocese of Agen, where BERNARD PALISSY was born, or where else he was born, is matter of uncertainty. We hold, in the teeth of every uncertainty, that he was born, in the infantile years of the sixteenth century, or, as his present biographer estimates, about 1509. That he had a parentage as certain as the fact of his birth, but of its respectability, as the world hath it, we can give no account. His father might have been a worker in glass and still of noble descent. For in those days working in glass or the art of *Verrière* was esteemed an honourable occupation, and a nobleman with a pedigree longer than his purse was not looked upon as having dirtied his delicate fingers, did he earn an honest penny at painting or staining glass. Hence for PALISSY Mr. MORLEY argues thus:

Poor nobles, labouring for food as glass-workers, taught the trade to their sons; and as few who laboured would be willing to communicate their secrets to strangers, in whom they had no interest of near relationship, it will be more especially true of glass-workers, as it was true very generally of most trades formerly, and is true rather generally now, that the occupation of the father comes to be the occupation of the son. Bernard Palissy we know to have been born poor, and to have received in his childhood no more than a peasant's education, except that he learned to draw and paint on glass. We cannot err much in inferring, therefore, that his father was a glass-worker. Addi-

tional testimony is, however, furnished by the fact that Palissy, himself bred to *verrière*, apparently believes the art to be confined to nobles.

There can be no doubt about PALISSY's nobility in one sense, which was evidenced by something more enduring than parchment patent. What amount of technical education he received the extract tells us. Himself says—"God has gifted me with some knowledge of drawing;" and farther—"I have had no other books than Heaven and Earth, which are open to all;" and these he studied to some purpose. To these he went as to a fountain head, disdaining to slake his thirst in human tanks or to draw water from sluggish canals. He was not content to copy plans and drawings.

Nature supplied him with his copies: the trees of his own wood, adjacent rocks, the birds, the lizards, or his mother's face, were at the same time the most convenient and the most welcome objects to a draughtsman whose appointed volumes were the works of Nature, and whose chief delight was a minute observation of her ways.

Painting glass might have been a very honourable occupation in those days, but not a very remunerative one, so PALISSY in his eighteenth year, with staff in hand and scanty wallet slung to his shoulders, set out like a knight-errant in quest of adventures—in the realms of experience. We must refer the reader to Mr. MORLEY's five chapters of semi-fiction in his first volume for an account of what PALISSY saw, and heard, and learned during the nine or ten years of his respectable vagabondage. He was at once artist and naturalist, making the former pay scot for the latter. It is all very well to watch lizards, and play bo-peep with foxes, and gather plants, and hammer rocks, and to run steeple-chases with butterflies and such-like vagaries on your travels, with a good letter of credit in your pocket. But the only letter of credit PALISSY had was represented by his brushes and pencil; and so, when the wallet was light and the flesh faint he would mend the fractured members of apostles and saints in the stained-glass windows of churches, or in those of the baronial hall, or he would take a portrait, or survey and map a piece of land. And so he trudged along living from hand to mouth.

After long wanderings up and down France BERNARD PALISSY settled at length in Saintes. Here he was married, as his biographer supposes, in 1538, at the age of about twenty-nine, and here his sorrows begin. Glass-painting was not very attractive here, and employment as a surveyor did not come every day. But PALISSY is not a down-hearted man.

He had abundant spirit and vivacity. In his darkest hours of evil fortune, he could try like a man to set his friends a-laughing. In the simplicity of his mind, he was at all times full of hope, although unconscious that it was the spiritual sense of power which begot his hopelessness. Palissy had a child upon his arms. * * * The young artist kissed his baby, and buoyed up his wife with his own hopes. There was another baby to kiss, but there was no doubt in his mind about the future.

A circumstance now occurred which was to change the entire current of the poor artist's life. Hear

THE TALE OF THE CUP.

It was at this time that there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture—"An earthen cup," he says, "turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass painting was also little patronized, I began to think that, if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing."

Thus begins the tale of the cup, but the end is yet far off. PALISSY knew nothing of the art of pottery, but the idea of producing a white enamel had taken full possession of his mind, and occupied all his thoughts. And now commenced the most desperate warfare that flesh and blood and brain ever waged; and, through twenty years of conflict, PALISSY displays a chivalry and heroism—grandeur and power—which the world must admire beyond all the feats of the heroes of Troy, or the knights of King ARTHUR. PALISSY went to work entirely in the dark:

He set himself to rival the enamelled cups of Italy,

when he would have failed in an attempt to make the roughest pipkin. He knew nothing of clay, and had never even seen the inside of a pottery. He "had never seen earth baked." But what of that? Enamelled cups were made in Italy; why should they not be made also in France?

Pottery three hundred years ago, in France as elsewhere, was of a very inferior character, in colour and quality not greatly differing from our present tiles and garden pots. PALISSY aimed at producing pottery with a glazed or enamelled surface, which would preserve liquids and resist damp externally. And so he set to work purchasing and grinding drugs, and burning his fingers in more ways than one, in experimenting in home-made furnaces. Experiment after experiment failed. Drugs were bought only to be burnt in the fire. Furnaces were built, pulled down, and rebuilt, and much precious crockery was smashed in making his trials. In this manner, he tells us, "he foiled away several years," "with sorrow and sighs," he adds, for the bread of his children lessened—he was weighed down by domestic care.

PALISSY for the present was defeated, but not subdued. Again, for a time, he painted glass and portraits to provide food for a group of craving young ones, and "comported himself as if he were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels." In 1543 he was appointed to survey and map the salt marshes of Saintonge by the Government, for financial purposes. His interesting account of these marshes, and how the salt is crystallized, Mr. MORLEY has incorporated with his narrative.

Marsh-surveying had put PALISSY in possession of a little ready money, and then commenced the "second Palissian war for the discovery of the white enamel," not doubtless without some concern on the part of his poor wife and her hungry children. As our author observes, the commencement of hostilities was of a kind to terrify the most placid of wives:—"I broke about three dozen earthen pots, all of them new," writes BERNARD. This destruction of pottery had for its object the trying of his chemicals on the shards. In perusing this portion of the narrative, one is disposed to laugh and weep alternately. The cool, quaint, terse way in which PALISSY tells the story of his trials, of his losses, disasters, and defeats, and the wry faces he occasionally makes on paper bring smiles upon the face—his humour is irresistible; but then the picture of the ragged wife and the sickly and half-starved children, the dilapidated cottage pervious to wind and rain, and the spare, gaunt man sitting in tatters before his furnace night and day, watching with anxious eye the progress of his experiments, regardless of weather, often dripping with wet, sitting there hoping against hope, with "no surrender" written on his forehead, knowing the while that people think him cracked like one of his own pitchers—knowing that he has no sympathy at home, and none to whom he can whisper his hopes—this is the sad picture for all the sacrifice and heroism that is here visible. At one time he was visited by a gleam of success. The enamel melted on one of his shards, cooled and became white. This determined him to try the experiment on a larger scale. He built a furnace near his own house, but was so poor that he had to carry the bricks on his own back from the brickfield, had to mix his own mortar, and become his own bricklayer. Let Mr. MORLEY here describe—

THE POTTER'S CRITICAL HOUR.

The furnace, at a large expense of fuel, was fully heated; his new vessels had been long subjected to its fire. In ten minutes—twenty minutes—the enamel might melt. If it required a longer time, still it was certain that a billet in that hour was of more value than a stack of wood could be after the furnace had grown cold again.

So Bernard felt; but any words of his, to his wife's ear, would only sound like the old phrases of fruitless hope. The labour and the money perilled for the last nine months was represented by the spoiled vessels in the out-house; they were utterly lost. The palings were burnt in vain; the enamel had not melted. There was a crashing in the house; the children were in dismay, the wife, assisted doubtless by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, now became loud in her reproach. Bernard was breaking up the tables, and carrying them off, legs and bodies, to the all-consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt. There was more crashing and hammering in the house; Palissy was tearing up the floors to use the planks as firewood. frantic with despair, the wife rushed out into the town; and the household of Palissy traversed the town of Saintes, making loud publication of the scandal.

The enamel did not melt, and six or seven years had now been expended in making experiments. Still these on the whole pointed towards success, and if PALISSY slunk through the streets pursued by the jeers of his townsmen his faith was still alive and strong. He was in debt, his family was still increasing and many mouths had to be filled, but for all that, resolute PALISSY determined to try once again. The details of this experiment are highly interesting, but we hasten to tell the result. This time PALISSY was right in all his calculations. The enamel was right, his furnace was right, but alas! poor man,—“next morning when I came to draw out my work, having previously removed the fire, my sorrows and distresses were so abundantly augmented that I lost all countenance.” The entire batch of ware was spoiled. And why?

It was because the mortar of which I had built my furnace had been full of flints, which feeling the vehemence of the fire (at the same time my enamels had begun to liquefy), burst into several pieces, making a variety of cracks and explosions within the same furnace. Then because the splinters of the flints struck against my work, the enamel, which was already liquefied and converted into a glutinous matter, retained the said flints, and held them attached on all sides of my vessels and medallions, which but for that would have been beautiful.

PALISSY says but a few touching words about his grief:

Then I was more concerned than I can tell you, and not without cause, for my furnace cost me more than twenty-six gold dollars; I had borrowed the wood and the chemicals, and so had borrowed part of my hope of food in making the said work. I had held my creditors in hope that they would be paid out of the money which would proceed from the pieces made in the said furnace; which was the reason why several began to hasten to me after the morning when I was to commence the drawing of the batch. * * * I received nothing but shame and confusion. * * * My neighbours, who had heard of this affair, said that I was nothing but a fool.

His neighbours called him fool, he had no consolation from his wife, and a potter, whose assistance he had engaged, he had partially to pay by stripping himself of some of his garments. The spirit of the man was bowed to the earth, but was too elastic to be broken. He entered into his chamber, and, says he, “when I had remained some time upon the bed, and had considered within myself, that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavour to get out again; I, being in that case, set myself to make some paintings, and in various ways I took pains to recover a little money,” which, after filling hungry mouths and putting a fair outside on the household, was again devoted to the white enamel enterprise. This PALISSY is not to be “put down,” let Fortune frown, and gather her brows till her forehead looks like a ploughed field. “I said within myself,” he continues, “that my losses and hazards were all past, and there was no longer anything to hinder me from making good pieces; and I betook myself (as before) to labour in the same art.”

Eight years had now past, but it was eight years more before he succeeded to his satisfaction and began to earn bread for his family. Or, we ought rather to say, that he never succeeded to his satisfaction; for to the end of his life he was ever seeking to improve the art which he may be considered to have invented. For an account of his remaining struggles, and how he came to be patronized by the Constable MONTMORENCIE and CATHERINE of MEDICIS, and how he removed from Saintes to Paris and made ornamental pottery for the palace of the Tuilleries, then in course of being built, we must refer the reader to the pages of Mr. MORLEY.

Thus far we have been considering PALISSY as an artist, and had we space we should exhibit him as the practical philosopher and acute naturalist. The selections from his works translated by his present biographer, and forming the appendix to his biography, will be read with great pleasure. Here we discover the clear thinker, the free inquirer, the genial, frank-hearted man, in advance of his age and anticipating much that modern science has demonstrated to be truth.

PALISSY was a reformer. He is not always painting glass and baking pottery, and vexing his wife by pulling down her bed-room door to feed his furnaces. He has a desire to see his neighbours wise and good men. His inquiring spirit led him to perceive that all was not exactly right in the Romish Church, and it is pretty clear that

during his wandering years he had imbibed the principles of the Reformation as expounded by CALVIN and his followers. He was great in his knowledge of the Scriptures, and, as we infer, an able expounder. A fair sight for the angels it must have been, to view PALISSY in some upper room in the town of Saintes with some six or seven townsmen around him, who had stolen under cover of night to read texts from the Book and to draw comfort from that well in a world at that time most uncomfortable. Thus was founded the Protestant church in Saintes, which underwent, literally, many fiery trials. O, most courageous man, BERNARD PALISSY! O, most foolish man, according to the wisdom of this world! The prison and the stake are before you, and still you will call things by their proper names. Still will you quote that eighteenth chapter of the Revelations to the priests and the old prophet, who pronounces a woe on the shepherd who takes the fleece of the flocks and cares not to feed them. The man would think for himself, and in spite of royal edict after royal edict forbidding both to think and to speak, he would speak, and was sent to prison. But for the intercession of his friends in good time, BERNARD PALISSY would have been served by the Parliament of Bordeaux in the same way as he was wont to serve his trial-pieces in the furnace. A man of blameless life, a most neighbourly man, a philanthropist though nobody suspected it, BERNARD laboured through life under the reproach of being a Huguenot. There were those who sought to devour him. He escaped the massacre of Bartholomew but died in the Bastile in his eightieth year, as grand a martyr as he perished at the stake.

Mr. MORLEY assists his biography by presenting his readers with the state of affairs in France during the troublous times of the Reformation. He has acted judiciously. Without his intercalary chapters it would be impossible properly to estimate the character of PALISSY the Potter. And those who desire to know of the bloodsheds and massacres prompted by religious animosities cannot do better than refer to the pages of the Potter. We finish with a single extract from PALISSY's History of Saintonge, which his biographer, not irreverently, entitles

HELL LET LOOSE.

“I had nothing every day,” he says, when confined in his workshop, “but reports of frightful crimes that from day to day were committed; and it was of all those things that grieved me most within myself, that certain little children of the town, who came daily to assemble in an open space near the spot where I was hidden (exerting myself always to produce some work of my art) dividing themselves into two parties, and casting stones on one side against the other, swore and blasphemed in the most execrable language that ever man could utter; for they said, “By the blood, death, head, double-head, triple-head,” and blasphemies so horrible, that I have, as it were, horror in writing them. Now that lasted a long while, while neither fathers nor mothers exercised over them any rule. Often I was seized with a desire to risk my life by going to punish them; but I said in my heart the seventy-ninth Psalm, “O, God, the Heathens are come into thine inheritance.”

This is a good, wholesome, instructive book.

The Life of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq., Author of “The British Officer,” &c. Vol. I. London: Ingram and Co. This timely work has several claims upon the book-buying portion of the population. It is written by a gentleman perfectly acquainted with military affairs, and whose studies have directed his attention particularly to that portion of our military history which is adorned by the exploits of WELLINGTON. It is the fullest and most complete memoir of the departed hero that has yet issued from the press. It is lavishly adorned with engravings of great beauty, some of which, we are informed, were contributed by the graceful pencil of Colonel JOHN LUARD, the author of a *History of the Dress of the British Soldier*. Lastly, “every line which the Duke wrote and published, every word which he publicly uttered, illustrative of his character and his principles, has been cited, referred to, or reproduced.” This first volume carries the Biography down to the return of NAPOLEON from Elba. Its style is singularly graphic; and the author excels in the description of battles. We have seldom read anything so spirited as some of the narratives of conflict in these pages. They keep the breath suspended.

RELIGION.

We took up with much interest a new work issued by the Messrs. CLARK, of Edinburgh, whom we have had occasion, before this, to commend for the judicious selections of foreign theology which they have placed in the hands of English readers. We are sorry, however, that we cannot bestow upon this new publication a large amount of praise. It is entitled *The Pentateuch and its Assailants: a Refutation of the Objections of Modern Scepticism to the Pentateuch*. By WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, D.D., of Mobile. Dr. Hamilton is a well-meaning man, but is evidently unequal to the task set before him. He undertakes to combat the Neology of Germany, which all must allow to be a giant in strength; and he has neither the power nor the skill required in such an encounter. Moreover, he is ultra-orthodox (if we may be allowed the phrase) on many points, and frequently overstates his case in a manner that must call forth a smile even from those who are disposed mainly to agree with him. Thus, with reference to the authorship of the Pentateuch, he says,—“On a careful review of the whole argument we may safely aver: we have not so much evidence, by a great deal, nor evidence so direct, to show that the Dialogues ascribed to Plato are really his work, or that the Treatise ‘On the Sublime’ is the work of Longinus, or that Virgil wrote the *Aeneid* and the *Georgics*, nor that Othello is the genuine work of William Shakespeare, as we have to show that Moses, the adopted son of Egypt's Royal House, the Hebrew-born protege of Pharaoh's daughter, the Emancipator and the Legislator of Israel, did really write, and did deliver, for safe keeping, to the Sacerdotal tribe in his nation, as his own work, his great legacy to his countrymen—the Pentateuch—substantially as we now have it.” It may be said, indeed, that this is something more than over-statement, and we should, perhaps, be nearer the truth in calling it mere reckless assertion, by which no cause can be served, more especially that of the authenticity and transmission of the Sacred Scriptures. But it is not merely in his zeal that Dr. Hamilton is indiscreet; his illustrations are sometimes very unfortunate, and tend to weaken his arguments. Thus, who ever heard of a comparison being instituted between the great Hebrew Law Giver and George Washington? or who, besides Dr. Hamilton, would think of penning the following?—“If George Washington is justly honoured by a great nation as the Father of his emancipated country, much more should Moses be honoured by all, not only as the first and the most distinguished of all the Prophets of God, but also as the Instructor and the Benefactor of the whole family of mankind.” Notwithstanding such passages as these, however repugnant alike to common sense and good taste, Dr. Hamilton is not a man without learning; and although the Edinburgh Publishers might have found many a writer in their own city capable of producing a far better book on the subject, Dr. Hamilton's will, perhaps, do for those who can tolerate common-place, and much beside, under the guise of Orthodoxy.—The Bampton Lectures for this year have fallen to the Rev. J. E. RIDDELL, of St. Edmund's Hall, who has acquitted himself, to our judgment, at least, in a manner that entitles him to take rank with the best of his predecessors, though among them, from 1780 downwards, we find such distinguished names as those of Churton, Nares, Faber, Mant, Van Mildert, Heber, and Whateley. Mr. Riddle's lectures are entitled *The Natural History of Infidelity and Superstition in contrast with Christian Faith: eight Divinity Lecture Sermons, &c.* In the first two lectures, the author treats of the Soul of man; in lectures three and four, of Infidelity; in the following two, of Superstition; and in the last two, of Infidelity and Superstition compared, and how they are to be prevented and withheld. The arguments, if not always powerful, are, at least, strictly logical, as it was fitting they should be, considering the learned body to whom they were addressed. In treating of the baneful influence of superstition on the soul of man, Mr. Riddle is out-spoken with reference to the superstitious observances of the Church of Rome. For the rest, these lectures do not partake so much of the character of mere learned exercitations, as many similar performances do. With much learning, the style is easy and simple; and in the Appendix, which occupies nearly half the volume, there is a mass of useful notes that

shed a considerable light upon interesting points argued in the text.—*Plain Discourses on important Subjects*. By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton-place; and *Christian Realities, Sermons addressed chiefly to Christians in Name*, by R.A. THOMPSON, M.A., Curate of Louth, are scarcely above the usual average of sermons preached every Sunday in our churches and chapels. The same may be said of *Sermons, Second Series, preached at Rome during the Seasons of 1850, 1851, and 1852*, by FRANCIS B. WOODWARD, M.A., Chaplain to the English Congregation. These latter might be thought to possess some interest, as emanating from an English clergyman, exercising his functions in the chief seat of a rival Church; but, on looking into them, we find little to remark except the tone of *High Churchmanship* that is apparent throughout, which is scarcely, we think, the best adapted to preserve his hearers from the evil influences that surround them.—Mr. R. GOVETT has recently put forth three small volumes on the Apocalyptic Controversy, the nature of which will be sufficiently indicated by their titles, as,—1. *The Locusts, the Euphratean Horsemen, and the two Witnesses; or, the Apocalyptic Systems of the Revs. E. B. Elliott, Dr. Cumming, and Dr. Keith, proved unsound*. 2. *The Popes not the Men of Sin; being an Answer to the Publications of Dr. Cumming, Dr. Morison, and the Rev. E. B. Elliott, on that subject*. 3. *The Saints' Rapture to the Presence of the Lord Jesus, with Appendix, in Refutation of Dr. Cumming's Tract, entitled "The Pope the Man of Sin."* From these it will be seen that Mr. Govett, who calls himself, in the preface to one of these works, an *Ultra Protestant*, as if to bespeak the reader's favour, is at issue on one or two important points with most of his fellow-Protestant interpreters. As a specimen of his own views, we extract the following from his last-mentioned publication:—"It is taken for granted that the Roman destruction of Jerusalem under Titus did not fulfil the Saviour's prophecy on Olivet; that the Jews will shortly return to their own land in unbelief; that they will rebuild the Temple and offer sacrifices, fulfilling, amidst their outward obedience to Moses, those dark pictures of avarice, unbelief, hypocrisy, and bloodshed with which the Prophets teem. It is supposed that out of this restoration of the Temple rites, Jewish blasphemy will burst forth against Jesus, and that European infidelity will second their words. About that time will come the falling away from Christian faith. But a new witness for God and Christ will be raised up among the Jews in their own land." &c. In his next work, Mr. Govett will have to combat *The Times of the Gentiles, as Revealed in the Apocalypse*, by DOMINICK M'CAUSLAND, Esq., who looks upon the Apocalypse as the "natural and consistent expansion of the Prophecies of Daniel, and considers it as referring mainly to 'Rome Pagan, Rome Papal, and Rome Antichrist'."—*The Religious Condition of Christendom, exhibited in a Series of Papers, prepared at the Instance of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance, and read at its Fifth Annual Conference, held in Freemasons' Hall, London, August 20 to September 3, 1851*; published by the Council, edited by the Rev. E. STEANE, D.D., is a bulky volume, containing a large amount of information, communicated by members of the Society, on the condition of religion in their several countries, as Great Britain and Ireland, France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, &c. The writers are generally persons of note, and competent to speak from personal knowledge of the subject to which they have addressed themselves. The articles inserted are much more free from sectarian bias than might be expected, and are altogether calculated to raise the society in public estimation. All the communications, it would seem, are not printed, and we think it would be better even if some of those that are could be reduced into a more compendious form.

—*The Claims of Truth and of Unity Considered in a Charge to the Clergy of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, delivered July, 1852*, by RICHARD WHATELEY, D.D., is exactly such a perspicuous, sound, and sensible charge as might be expected to issue at the present time from Archbishop Whateley, striving by gentle means to soothe and allay our ecclesiastical sores, without the use of corroding medicaments or the application of the scalpel.—Of a totally different stamp are the *Letters on Church Matters*, by D. C. L. Reprinted from the "Morning Chronicle." No. X. These are ten in number, and embrace such

topics as the following, viz.: "Reformed Cathedrals," "The Bennett Debate," "Mr. Gladstone and Lord Blandford," "The National Society in 1852," "Parliament in Synod," &c., on all of which the writer, who entertains what are called *Tractarian views*, expresses himself with a decree of acrimony towards his opponents that must tend to damage any cause he advocates. —*The Dangers Attending an Immediate Revival of Convocation*, by the Rev. C. BIRD, is a well-written and well-timed pamphlet.—In *Popish Persecutors and Tuscan Martyrs, in the Year of Grace, 1852: being the Substance of a Sermon Preached on November 5th, 1852*, by the Rev. F. CLOSE, we have a powerful exposure of the unjust persecution of the poor Madia family, and a fit denunciation on the part of Protestant England of such iniquitous proceedings. We should recommend it to the notice of the Hon. W. TOWRY LAW, who has recently put forth a letter to his late parishioners, entitled *Unity and faithful adherence to the Word of God only to be found in the Catholic Church*, if we were not warned by the example of Mr. LUCAS, that it is new converts who are least susceptible to such appeals.—*Eliana; or, a Layman's contributions to Theology*, in two volumes, by FRANCIS EDWARD CHASE, M.D., is an eccentric work, abounding in strange paradoxes, and by no means a model of good English. It embraces a variety of topics, upon all of which the writer expresses himself with a degree of independence, and occasionally of *nonchalance*, that would be quite amusing, were not the matters in debate of a less solemn and important nature. At the same time it is evident that he is quite sincere in what he advances. We should wish, therefore, to notice his "contributions" more at length, and may, perhaps, recur to them on a future occasion.—*The Family Bible Newly Opened; with Uncle Goodwin's Account of It*, by JEFFERYS TAYLOR, is a pleasing little volume, addressed to youthful readers, by the brother of Isaac Taylor, the well-known author of *Ancient Christianity*. From the preface of the latter we are grieved to learn that, "almost immediately after the completion of this volume, and while it was passing through the press, my brother had a seizure of so alarming a kind as to preclude the hope that he will ever resume his pen." Trusting that the painful foreboding will not be realized, we heartily commend this little work to parents and teachers, as an admirable introduction for young persons to the study of the Scriptures.

THE REV. CHARLES ROGER has published a discourse on the *Duke of Wellington*, an eloquent eulogium on the departed warrior.—Mr. D. CROFTON has reprinted from *Kitto's Journal* an article he had contributed to it, entitled *Genesis and Geology*, in which he endeavours to reconcile the declarations of Scripture with the modern discoveries of Geology. The subject is handled with great ability and success.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Lowry's Table Atlas, Constructed and Engraved from the most recent Authorities. By J. W. LOWRY, F.R.G.S. With an £1.1s. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS Atlas was originally issued in numbers under the title of "Penny Maps," and we believe this extraordinary cheapness was produced by the ingenious invention of a method of printing them, instead of engraving upon plates. But, by whatever machinery the work was done, it is very well done; the outlines are distinct, the names upon them are more clearly to be read than even in the best of the engraved maps, and indeed, for all the uses of a family, this Atlas is as good as if the cost of it had been more of shillings than it is of pence. Here we have 100 maps bound in a neat volume, constructed on four different scales only, each corresponding in a certain proportion to the others, and distinguished by an initial letter, and in the coloured maps the colouring of the coasts and boundary lines also indicates the scale. Thus the eye is enabled to compare the extent of various countries and their relative proportions. This is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to cheap literature and popular education.

THE REV. J. F. DENHAM has published a Lecture on the *Metaphysics of Education*, in which he presents a clear and concise analysis of the principal mental faculties.—A Lecture, by Mr. J. S. BLACKIE, on *Classical Literature in its Relation to the Nineteenth Century, and to Scottish University Education*, is an eloquent eulogium on classical education. Probably few will deny its utility; but the objection is to making the dead languages the primary instead of the

secondary object of study.—*A Methodization of the Hebrew Verbs*, by the Rev. F. GREGG, is brief and probably ingenious, but we are not competent to pass an opinion upon it, being ignorant of the Hebrew tongue.

—From Mr. BLACKIE, named above, we have since received a volume on *The Pronunciation of Greek*, in which he learnedly reviews the various forms of accent and quantity, in which it is expressed by various schools and countries. It is a curious book, and will delight the Greek scholar.—The new volume of Mr. BOHN's "Classical Library" contains a vigorous translation of *The Olynthian and other Public Orations of Demosthenes*, by Mr. C. R. KENNEDY. It should be used by all students of the original Greek to guide them to the correct meaning.—HUGI REID has added to his former educational works, a volume entitled *A System of Modern Geography*. We are sorry to be obliged to pass upon it a sentence of entire condemnation. It is a mere collection of names and numbers, most repulsive to children, whom it would more perplex than instruct. Such a book conveys no *ideas*; it can only burden the memory. Imagine the superlative folly of giving as an early lesson a list of the towns of England, with the numbers of inhabitants in each. Think of a child set to learn such a maze of figures. When shall we see an end to this absurd system of teaching?—*Twelve Stories on the Sayings and Doings of Animals*, by Mrs. LEE, are pleasing and successful attempts to teach Natural History, and promote a taste for it and for humanity towards animals, by tales so written as to attract the attention of children. It is illustrated with capital wood-cuts. Some of the tales are, we believe, facts, and are all founded on facts. The volume will be a pretty holiday present.—*Papers for the Schoolmaster*, Vol. I., is a periodical designed to explain the system of moral and intellectual training adopted at the practising schools connected with one of the Normal Institutions. It minutely describes the manner of teaching each subject, and subjoins specimens of the exercises. All teachers should study this volume; there is no school that would not profit by some of its lessons.—Mr. R. YELD has sent us a little volume of *Practical Hints to Sunday School Teachers*, which appear to us to be very commonplace. Surely they need not be told to have themselves reverentially in church (p. 37) or that they should cultivate personal piety (p. 17).—*Older and Wiser; or Steps into Life*, by the Author of "The Amyot's Home," carries onward the history of that interesting family from their home days to their entrance into the cares and responsibilities of life.—The Rev. C. H. BROMLY, M.A., has sent us a volume designed for the instruction of youth in the Liturgy and History of our Church, entitled *Liturgy and Church History*. This useful purpose it accomplishes in a series of chapters, which familiarly convey such an outline of the subject as youth can readily learn.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Journal of a Landscape Painter in Southern Calabria, &c. By EDWARD LEAR. London: Bentley.

The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake: a History of their Rise and Progress, Peculiar Doctrines, Present Condition, and Prospects, derived from Personal Observation, during a Residence among them. By LIEUT. J. W. GUNNISON, of the Topographical Engineers. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co. *An Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah: including a Description of its Geography, Natural History, and Minerals, and an Analysis of its Waters; with an Authentic Account of the Mormon Settlement. With Illustrations and Maps*. By HOWARD STANSBURY, Captain of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, United States Army. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co.

In the Autumn of 1847, Mr. LEAR made two tours in Southern Italy, seeking picturesque subjects for his pencil. The first was through a portion of Calabria, the other through the kingdom of Naples. In these excursions Mr. LEAR was accompanied by a friend, also an artist, and together they went on foot, roughing it in the true aesthetic fashion, revelling in wild scenery and strange costumes, eating wherever provisions could be found, without caring for their quality, and sleeping on any bed, however rude, that offered itself. The travellers were kindly received everywhere, except on one or two occasions, when some suspicion was excited that they were revolutionary spies, but that doubt removed, hospitality resumed its sway. Where a night's shelter was asked, whether from gentleman or peasant, it was readily given, and even the poorest frequently refused to accept anything more than thanks for a bed and homely but hearty meals. According to Mr. LEAR, Calabria is much belied by fame. It is a safer and pleasanter country to travel in than the public have been wont to believe. They met with no bandits, and heard of none. The civility of the people was even greater than is usually found in countries that do not

boast of their civilization. The landscape scenery is described as everywhere charming, and altogether it would seem that no more pleasant country could be selected for an autumn tour *en gareon*.

Mr. LEAR writes in a lively and good-humoured strain; the artist is visible in his descriptions, and the spirit of art pervades his pages. Two or three passages will prove this.

On one occasion they fell in with the following Calabrian version of

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Condoforo, a little village, wedged in a nook between two hills, the torrent at its feet, and the mountain mass of big Apennine threatening above it, was at length reached, and the house of Don Giuseppe Tropeno discovered. Alas! the master was away at the Marina, or Scala, and our appearance threw his old sister into such a state of alarm, that we speedily perceived all hope of lodging and dinner was at an end. We stood humbly on the steps of the old lady's house, and entreated her only to read the letter we had brought—but not she! she would have nothing to say to us. "Sono femmina," "Sono femmina," she constantly declared—a fact we had never ventured to doubt in spite of her inmoderate size and ugliness—"Sono femmina, e non so niente." No persuasions could soften her, so we were actually forced to turn away in hunger and disgust. As for Ciccio, he merely took his short pipe from his lips, and said "Son Turchi—dóghi dà."

One of the pests of the country is the abundance of silkworms, found in almost every house, and infecting the very air:

THE PLAGUE OF SILK-GROWING.

Don Domenico Musitani, the chief man of the place, to whom the never-failing care of the Consigliere da Nava had recommended us, was sitting in the Piazza—an obese and taciturn man, who read the introductory letter, and forthwith took us to his house; which, among many unpleasing recollections, will certainly ever rank as one of the most disagreeable. Life in these regions of natural magnificence is full of vivid contrasts. The golden abstract visions of the hanging woods and crags of Pietrapennata were suddenly opposed to the realities of Don D. Musitani's rooms, which were so full of silkworms as to be beyond measure disgusting. To the cultivation of this domestic creature all Staiti is devoted; yellow cocoons in immense heaps are piled up in every possible place, and the atmosphere may be conceived rather than described; for there is no more sickening odour than that of many thousand caterpillars confined in the closest of chambers. Almost did we repent of ever having come into these Calabrian lands!

Here is another character:

A CALABRIAN GUIDE.

A muleteer engaged for an indefinite time: the expense for both guide and quadruped being six carlini daily; and if we sent him back from any point of our journey, it was agreed that his charges should be defrayed until he reached Reggio. Our man, a grave tall fellow of more than fifty years of age, and with a good expression of countenance, was called Ciccio, and we explained to him that our plan was to do always just as we pleased—going straight a-head or stopping to sketch, without reference to any law but our own pleasure; to all which he replied by a short sentence ending with—"Dógo; dighi, dóghi, dàghì, dà"—a collection of sounds of frequent recurrence in Calabrese lingo, and the only definite portion of that speech we could ever perfectly master. What the "Dógo" was we never knew, though it was an object of our keenest search throughout the tour to ascertain if it were animal, mineral, or vegetable. Afterwards, by constant habit, we arranged a sort of conversational communication with friend Ciccio, but we never got on well unless we said "Dógo si," or "Dógo no," several times as an *ad libitum* appoggiatura, winding up with "Dighi, dàghì, dóghi, dà," which seemed to set all right. Ciccio carried a gun, but alas! wore no pointed hat; nothing but a Sicilian long blue cap. Our minds had received a fearful shock by the conviction forced on them during our three days' stay at Reggio, namely, that there are no pointed hats in the first or southern province of Calabria.

Now for

AN INTERIOR.

The house of the Baron Rivettini, to whom we had letters, was large and imposing, but the Baron was not within, and the servants, with none of that stranger-helping alacrity of hospitality, so remarkable in more northern provinces of the Regno di Napoli, appeared too much amazed at the sudden arrival of "due forestieri," to do anything but contemplate us; and, to speak truth, neither our appearance, considering we had toiled through some rain and much dirt all the afternoon, nor our suite, consisting of a man and a horse, were very indicative of being "*comme il faut*." With difficulty we obtained

leave to rest in a sort of ante-office, half stable, half kitchen, while a messenger carried our letter of introduction to the Baron Rivettini. When he returned, quoth he, "The Baron is playing at cards, and cannot be interrupted; but, as there is no locanda in the town, you may sleep where you are." Unwashed, hungry, and tired as we were, and seeing that there was nothing but an old rug by way of furniture in this part of the Baron's premises, we did not feel particularly gratified by this permission, the more that P— was rather unwell, and I feared he might have an attack of fever; neither did the domestics offer us *caffé*, or any other mitigation of our wayfaring condition. "Is there no *caffé*?" "Non c'è." "No wine?" "Non c'è." "No light?" "Non c'è." It was all "Non c'è." So, said I, "show me the way to the house where the Baron is playing at cards." But the proposal was met with a blank silence, wholly unpropitious to our hopes of a night's lodging; and it was not until after I had repeated my request several times, that a man could be persuaded to accompany me to a large palazzo at no great distance, the well-lighted lower story of which exhibited offices, barrels, sacks, mules, &c., all indicative of the thriving merchant. In a spacious salone on the first floor sat a party playing at cards, and one of them a minute gentleman, with a form more resembling that of a sphere than any person I ever remember to have seen, was pointed out to me as the Baron by the shrinking domestic who had thus far piloted me. But excepting by a single glance at me, the assembled company did not appear aware of my entrance, nor, when I addressed the Baron by his name, did he break off the thread of his employment, otherwise than by saying, "Uno, due, tre,—signore, si—quattro, cinque,—servo sno,—fanno quindici."

"Has your Excellency received an introductory letter from the Cavalier da Nava?" said I.

"Cinque, sei,—si, signore,—fanno undici," said the Baron, timidly.

This, thought I, is highly mysterious.

"Can I and my travelling companion lodge in your house, Signor Baron, until to-morrow?"

"Tre e sei fanno none," pursued the Baron, with renewed attention to the game. "Ma perché, signore?"

"Perché, there is no inn in this town; and perché, I have brought you a letter of introduction," rejoined I.

"Ah, si si si, signore, pray favour me by remaining at my house.—Two and seven are nine—eight and eleven are nineteen." And again the party went on with the Gioco.

A natural curiosity is

THE MOFETTE.

The hollow basin in which lies this strange and ugly vapour bath is fringed on one side by a wood of oaks, behind which the mountain of Chiusano forms a fine background; but on the northern approach, or that from Frigento, the sloping hill is bare, and terminates in a wide crust of sulphurous mud, cracked, dry, and hollow at some little distance from the pool, but soft and undulating like yeast at the brink of the little lake itself. The water, if water it be, is as black as ink, and in appearance thick, bubbling and boiling up from a hundred springs which wrinkle its disastrous looking surface; but when the liquid is taken out into any vessel, it is said—for we did not make the experiment—to be perfectly clear and cold. Whether or not birds can fly across or over the enchanted pool, I cannot tell, but as we found many stiff and dead on its brink—namely, two crows, four larks, three sparrows, and eight yellow-hammers—it is but fair to conclude that the noxious vapours had something to do with stocking this well-filled ornithological necropolis; and as to ourselves, we found that to inhale the air within two or three feet of the water was a very unpleasing experiment, resulting in a catching or stupefying sensation, which in my own case did not entirely pass away for two or three days.

The two narratives of Visits to the Land of the Mormons come to us from America. They are written in a more friendly spirit than any description hitherto published of their singular institutions, manners, and progress. In truth, they have become a great fact, and philosophers would do well to study so novel a phase of society existing contemporaneously with them, under circumstances that would have been pronounced incompatible with the maintenance, much less the progress, of a community. Nevertheless, there they are, flourishing and happy, fast becoming a great state, and likely, ere long, to be a power in the world. We cannot more amuse and interest our readers than by some curious extracts from these volumes.

The Mormons sanction a plurality of wives, and this is Captain STANSBURY's account of

POLYGAMY AMONG THE MORMONS.

But it is in their private and domestic relations that this singular people exhibit the widest departure from

the habits and practice of all others denominating themselves Christians. I refer to what has been generally termed the "spiritual wife system," the practice of which was charged against them in Illinois, and served greatly to prejudice the public mind in that State. It was then, I believe, most strenuously denied by them that any such practice prevailed, nor is it now openly avowed, either as a matter sanctioned by their doctrine or discipline. But that polygamy does actually exist among them, cannot be concealed from any one of the most ordinary observation, who has spent even a short time in this community. I heard it proclaimed from the stand, by the president of the church himself, that he had the right to take a thousand wives, if he thought proper; and he defied any one to prove from the Bible that he had not. At the same time, I have never known any member of the community to avow that he himself had more than one, although that such was the fact as was well known and understood as any fact could be.

If a man, once married, desires to take him a second helpmate, he must first, as with us, obtain the consent of the lady intended, and that of her parents or guardians, and afterwards the approval of the Seer or president, without which the matter cannot proceed. The woman is then sealed to him under the solemn sanction of the church, and stands, in all respects, in the same relation to the man as the wife that was first married. The union thus formed is considered a perfectly virtuous and honourable one, and the lady maintains, without blemish, the same position in society to which she would be entitled were she the sole wife of her husband. Indeed, the connexion being under the sanction of the only true priesthood, is deemed infinitely more sacred and binding than any marriage among the gentle world, not only on account of its higher and more sacred authority, but inasmuch as it bears directly upon the future state of existence of both the man and the woman; for it is the doctrine of the church, that no woman can attain to celestial glory *without the husband*, nor can he arrive at full perfection in the next world without at least one wife; and the greater the number he is able to take with him, the higher will be his seat in the celestial paradise.

All idea of sensuality, as the motive of such unions, is most indignantly repudiated; the avowed object being to raise up, as rapidly as possible, "a holy generation to the Lord," who shall build up his kingdom on the earth. Purity of life, in all the domestic relations, is strenuously inculcated; and they do not hesitate to declare that, when they shall obtain the uncontrolled power of making their own civil laws (which will be when they are admitted as one of the States of the Union), they will punish the departure from chastity in the severest manner, even by death.

As the Seer or president alone possesses the power to approve of these unions, so also he alone can absolve the parties from their bonds, should circumstances in his judgment render it at any time expedient or necessary. It may easily be perceived, then, what a tremendous influence the possession of such a power must give to him who holds it, and how great must be the prudence, firmness, sagacity, and wisdom required in one who thus stands in the relation of confidential adviser, as well as of civil and ecclesiastical ruler, over this singularly constituted community.

The practical results of this polygamy appear to be somewhat different from his anticipations

Upon the practical working of this system of plurality of wives, I can hardly be expected to express more than a mere opinion. Being myself an "outsider" and a "gentile," it is not to be supposed that I should have been permitted to view more than the surface of what is in fact as yet but an experiment, the details of which are sedulously veiled from public view. So far, however, as my intercourse with the inhabitants afforded me an opportunity of judging, its practical operation was quite different from what I had anticipated. Peace, harmony, and cheerfulness seemed to prevail, where my preconceived notions led me to look for nothing but the exhibition of petty jealousies, envy, bickerings, and strife. Confidence and sisterly affection among the different members of the family seemed pre-eminently conspicuous, and friendly intercourse among neighbours, with balls, parties, and merry-makings at each others' houses, formed a prominent and agreeable feature of the society. In these friendly *réunions*, the president, with his numerous family, mingled freely, and was ever an honoured and welcome guest, tempering by his presence the exuberant hilarity of the young, and not unfrequently closing with devotional exercises the gaiety of a happy evening.

Lieutenant GUNNISON's picture is not favourable. The mingled blasphemy, superstition, and immorality of Mormonism are, according to him, already producing their natural effects upon the population. He says of the system of the plurality of wives:

Thus guarded in the motive, and denounced as sin

for other consideration than divine, the practical working of the system, so far as now extended, has every appearance of decorum. The romantic notion of a single love is derided, and met by calling attention to the case of parental affection; where the father's good will is bestowed alike on each of his many children; and they pretend to see a more rational application of a generous soul in loving more than one wife, than in the bigotry of a partial adhesion. The Seer alone has the power, which he can use by delegation, of granting the privilege of increasing the number of wives; the rule of primitive ages is applied in the case, and the suitor must first have the consent of the parents, then consult the lady, and the Seer.

Every unmarried woman has a right to demand a man in marriage, if she is neglected, on the ground of the privilege of salvation; and the president who receives the petition must provide for her; and he has the authority to command any man he deems competent to support her, "to seal her" to himself in marriage; and the man so ordered must show just cause and impediment why it should not be done, if he dislikes the union; or else be considered contumacious and "in danger of the council."

The Seer sometimes has to exercise his judgment in preventing incongruous sealings from unworthy motives, and to tell such that what they now esteem a privilege, will turn out soon to be a burden.

This interference with the kingdom of Cupid calls for most judicious measures on his part, for in that court his decisions, guided by reason, are apt to be demurred to by passion. But, as he can join, so too can he annul the contract, and dissolve the relationship of the parties, when, after he has counselled them and given them a proper probation, they still find an incompatibility to exist. Out of this matter grows an immense power, based upon his knowledge of all the domestic relations in the colony;—such delicate confidence begets a reverence and fear, and, while things proceed harmoniously, a love to him as their adviser and friend; and as the peace of the society depends materially on that of families, he watches over this part of the prerogative with great solicitude, and keeps the parties, so far as practicable, up to their engagements.

In some instances several wives occupy the same house and the same room, as their dwellings have generally only one apartment; but it is usual to board out the extra ones, who most frequently "pay their own way," by sewing, and other female employments. It is but fairness to add that they hold the time near at hand predicted by Isaiah, "when seven women shall take hold of the skirt of one man and say, we will eat our own bread, but let us be called by thy name;" which gives the assurance that plurality is foretold and correctly practised by them.

It is only a little in anticipation of the time when "the battles of the Lord" are to begin, and then, as the women are far more pure than the men, the females will greatly outnumber the males, for the latter will be swept off by sword and pestilence, and the other reserved to increase the retinue of the saints; and many women will thus be compelled to choose the same man, in order to secure a temporal home and temporal salvation, as also to obtain eternal right to a terrestrial or celestial queenship.

According to him is

POLYGAMY UNPOPULAR WITH THE YOUNG LADIES.

The contemplation of plurality is highly distasteful to the young ladies of any independence of feeling, however acquiesced in by the more advanced in age. The subject was placed before one in its practical light, and the reply was most decided and prompt against such an arrangement. Asked if she could consent to become Mrs. Blank, No. 20 or No. 40, or if now in youthful life she was espoused to one of her choice, and who was all the world to her; and then, though ranking No. 1, when the first blush of beauty had departed, she could be contented to have the husband call at her domicile after several weeks' absence and say, "I am really glad to see you, dearest, and how delighted it would make me to spend an hour here, but—and, by the way, have you seen my last bride, No. 17; how sweet a girl she is—really I'm sorry to leave you so soon." The subject was cut short by the reply, stern and true, "No, Sir, I'd die first." We are informed that many on the frontiers have deserted the "sealed relation," and married half-breeds and Potawatamies, preferring such a life as that in the cabins of Nebraska to the ennui of the other.

And these are some of the practical

DIFFICULTIES OF POLYGAMY.

The subject of widows and widowers introduces some nice questions of rank and precedence in the future patriarchal courts. A lady of superior abilities and great enthusiasm, sealed later than the first wife, whose modest talents are thereby cast into the shade,

may aspire to the place of first *queen*, TO BE; and thus an affectionate rivalry can be raised, of which the expectant king reaps the full benefit. The widow of several husbands must have doubts to which she shall owe her elevation, unless she fortunately loved one supremely—and the wife finds a rival in the brother's widow, from the tie of consanguinity. The troubles of the high chieftain are said to arise from still another cause.

He had a wife dearly beloved before becoming a Mormon, who died out of his church; but she can be saved by substituted baptism, and his next partner has become exceedingly anxious to know whether her predecessor will be resurrected to be the chief of the queens, or if that important station is reserved for herself, who has partaken of so "much tribulation." Why the question is not categorically answered we cannot opine—but, if women ever do tease, we may suppose such a subject likely to call out all their resources to gratify curiosity.

Lieutenant GUNNISON is of opinion that there are five causes of decay now at work to undermine the prosperity, and produce the speedy decay and dissolution of the famous Mormon State of Utah. 1. Polygamy, destroying the position of woman. 2. Its effects on children; the progeny being too numerous to be cared for, and growing up in lawlessness and profanity. 3. The absurdity of the Mormon Bible, which will presently force itself upon the convictions of the better educated. 4. The system of compulsory tithes. 5. Contests for the Presidency.

Here is a remarkable character.

MAJOR BRIDGER, THE TRAPPER.

The builder of Fort Bridger is one of the hardy race of mountain trappers who are now disappearing from the continent, being enclosed in the wave of civilization. These trappers have made a thousand fortunes for eastern men, and by their improvidence have nothing for themselves. Major Bridger, or "old Jim," has been more wise of late, and laid aside competence; but the mountain tastes, fostered by twenty-eight years of exciting scenes, will probably keep him there for life. He has been very active, and traversed the region from the head-waters of the Missouri to the Del Norte—and along the Gila to the Gulf, and thence throughout Oregon and the interior of California. His graphic sketches are delightful romances. With a buffalo-skin and piece of charcoal he will map out any portion of this immense region, and delineate mountains, streams, and the circular valleys called "holes," with wonderful accuracy; at least we may so speak of that portion we traversed after his descriptions were given. He gives a picture, most romantic and enticing, of the head-waters of the Yellow Stone. A lake sixty miles long, cold and pellucid, lies embosomed amid high precipitous mountains. On the west side is a sloping plain several miles wide, with clumps of trees and groves of pine. The ground resounds to the tread of horses. Geysers spout up seventy feet high, with a terrific hissing noise, at regular intervals. Waterfalls are sparkling, leaping, and thundering down the precipices, and collect in the pool below. The river issues from this lake, and for fifteen miles roars through the perpendicular kanyon at the outlet. In this section are the Great Springs, so hot that meat is readily cooked in them, and as they descend on the successive terraces, afford at length delightful baths. On the other side is an acid spring, which gushes out in a river torrent; and below is a cave which supplies "vermillion" for the savages in abundance. Bear, elk, deer, wolf, and fox, are among the sporting game, and the feathered tribe yields its share for variety, on the sportsman's table of rock or turf.

Another region he visited and trapped in, lies to the west of the Del Norte, and north of the Gila. This he represents as once the abode of man, where there are gigantic ruins of masonry, which he describes with the clearness of a Stephens. Trees have grown over these destroyed towns, and fruits and nuts load their branches; and among the animals are the wild boar and grizzly bear. His own words are: "this fertile place is large enough for three States, and is the most delightful spot that ever God made for man." As a guide for explorers, the services of that man would be invaluable."

We conclude with a sketch of

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

At our feet and on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, an island rose from 800 to 1,000 feet in height, while in the distance other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots, resembling other islands; but the dreamy haze hovering over this still and soli-

tary sea threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water; and, excepting here and there a solitary wild-duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night proved perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound unbroken silence. I was surprised to find, although so near a body of the saltiest water, none of that feeling of invigorating freshness which is always experienced when in the vicinity of the ocean. The bleak and naked shores, without a single tree to relieve the eye, presented a scene so different from what I had pictured in my imagination of the beauties of this far-famed spot, that my disappointment was extreme.

This intense repose is broken at times by the presence of myriads of wild fowl:

The Salt Lake, which lay about half a mile to the eastward, was covered by immense flocks of wild geese and ducks, among which many swans were seen, being indistinguishable by their size and the whiteness of their plumage. I had seen large flocks of these birds before, in various parts of our country, and especially upon the Potomac, but never did I behold anything like the immense numbers here congregated together. Thousands of acres, as far as the eye could reach, seemed literally covered with them, presenting a scene of busy, animated cheerfulness, in most graceful contrast with the dreary, silent solitude by which we were immediately surrounded.

FICTION.

The seventh volume of the *New Library Edition of the Waverley Novels* contains "The Heart of Mid Lothian," complete, with the author's Introduction and Notes, and two steel engravings. This beautiful edition is printed in large type on the best paper, octavo in size, and forming a handsome volume which it is a treat to see upon the shelf, to handle or to read. The oldest eyes can enjoy it without fatigue.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

A Dirge for Wellington. By MARTIN F. TUPPER, Author of "Proverbial Philosophy." London: Hatchard.

A Monody to the Memory of the late Duke of Wellington. Composed by WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq., and recited by Mrs. C. KEAN, at the Princess's Theatre, on the evening of the 18th ult.

The Day of the Funeral. An Ode by an Oxford Student, and inserted in *The Times* newspaper of the 22nd ult.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Poet-Laureat. London: Moxon.

It was but natural to suppose that the common grief by which we are all at this moment more or less affected, would find expression in many dirges, odes, and elegies; nor was it difficult to predicate that such various efforts, proceeding as they do, from such various impulses, from sentiment or from vanity, from genius or from fatuity, would differ very considerably in merit. The table upon which we write, furnishes abundant and conclusive proof that the result has more than justified the expectation. Before us lies a confused mass of elegiac songs, with or without the music, with or without euphony and sense—odes cut from newspapers, and, lastly, more pretentious efforts whose authors were too proud to send forth their inspirations to the world cheek by jowl with a police report, and have aspired to the dignity of a separate book. Feeling our utter inability,—not to mention a strong disinclination to do full justice to all these outpourings of the national muse by noticing them seriatim in our columns, we have been contented to select the four above-named, because they appear best worthy of notice, and represent, each in its degree, the various merits and demerits to be discovered in the remainder.

Foremost in the field, with characteristic assurance, marched the Rev. MARTIN TUPPER, the Apostle of the tea-tables. Inspired by a strong cup of the greenest tea, though not unmindful of the diluted contents of the milk-jug, this gentleman has presented to the world a Dirge of which all that can be said is, that it is Tupperian. We subjoin one or two of the more brilliant gems with which this composition is studded, for the

delectation of such of our readers as have not perused the entire.

TUPPER is of opinion that we are forsaken:

Our light is from us taken,
To shine in other skies;
And we are left forsaken
Of the valiant and the wise.

TUPPER is afraid that the Duke had sins:

Doubtless, he owned to sins and wrongs,
Like all besides that live.

TUPPER invokes Spain:

O rescued Spain, consider still
His glorious deeds for thee;
The wonders of his forceful skill,
That saved and set thee free.
Talavera! Salamanca!
Vittoria! fated name;
And scores beside sound far and wide
The echoes of his fame.

Really, Mr. TUPPER should be satisfied with the mild glories of drawing-room celebrity; but if he offend much oftener in this style, and rush indiscretely into print, those rude fellows, the critics, will be apt to maul the "dear man" sadly.

Ascending the scale of excellence, next in order comes the Monody of Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON, recited by Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, from the stage of the Princess's Theatre, habited as the Tragic Muse, as Mlle. RACHEL lately mourned the death of Liberty in France in the mellifluous rhythm of M. ARSENE HOUSSEY. Whatever effect this composition may have borrowed from the accent and gesture of the accomplished actress who recited it, we are unable to say,—it was our misfortune not to be present at its delivery, but we feel bound to say that the Monody, as it appears in print, is utterly unworthy the reputation of Mr. MARSTON. It opens somewhat dramatically, with a conjuration of those shapes which derive their existence from that very hacknied, and we fear, so far as Mr. MARSTON is concerned, exhausted source, "the poet's fire," and after reminding the audience that a real and not a sembl'd grief demands their sympathy, proceeds at once to the enumeration of the hero's victories and merits. In this enumeration, which is somewhat confused in its arrangement, the effect of Waterloo is described in these somewhat singular lines:

— On last, threw
His sword into the fate of Waterloo,
Poised up that scale when realm on realm was hurled,
And evened the wronged balance of the world.

In compositions of this sort, we are fully aware that an irregularity of metre is often intentionally used by way of relieving the unbroken monotony inseparable from the use of a string of consecutive couplets; but there are few, we presume, who will find any beauty in such lines as these:

The earliest beam that his pathway crossed,
Beneath him where night found him—AT HIS POST.

A very proper way, no doubt, of expressing the fact that the Duke was never absent from his post; but how Mrs. KEAN managed to get over the first line without pronouncing *beam* as a disyllable, we cannot imagine. In fine, we must dismiss Mr. MARSTON's monody with a regret that such an excellent writer should have used so great an opportunity for so little purpose. But thus it always is: those of whom we expect the most effect the least; and perhaps, after all, the pen that has proved itself equal to the task of depicting the sorrows of the drawing-room heroine, *Anne Blake*, was scarcely equal to so mighty a subject as the memory of our GREAT DUKE.

Of its class, no composition has appeared more deserving of the laurel crown than *The Day of the Funeral*, dated from Oriel College, and inserted in *The Times* newspaper of the 22nd ult. There is a profound vein of feeling, richness of imagery, and majestic rhythm of expression in this short ode, which stamp it the work of a master-spirit; and, if we may be permitted to hazard a guess as to its authorship, we should not be surprised at finding that it proceeded from the same hand as *The Lament of the Forsaken Merman*, printed a short time ago with other poems. The picture presented by this ode is that of a student seated in his room at Oxford, and imagining the mourning of the nation, and the splendour of the far-off pageant. The general and comprehensive nature of the grief is finely expressed in these perfect lines:

The simplest peasant in the land that day
Knew somewhat of his country's grief. He heard
The knell of England's Hero from the tower
Of the old church, and asked the cause and sighed.
The vet'ran who had bled on some far field,
Fought o'er the battle for the thousandth time,
With quaint addition; and the little child
That stopped his sport to run and ask his sire
What it all meant, picked out the simple tale—
How he who drove the French from Waterloo,

And crushed the tyrant of the world, and made
His country great and glorious—he was dead!
All, from the simplest to the stateliest, knew
But one sad story: from the cottar's bairn,
Up to the fair-haired lady on the throne,
Who sat within, and sorrowed for her friend.
And every tear she shed became her well,
And seemed more lovely in her people's eyes,
Than all the starry wonders of her crown.

And then follows a magnificent picture of the gathering together of the people to do honour to the solemnity:

But, as the waters of the Northern Sea
(When one strong wind blows steady from the pole),
Come hurrying to the shore, and far and wide
As eye can reach, the creaming waves press on
Impatient; or, as trees that blow their tops
One way, when Alpine hollowness bring one way
The blast, whereat they quiver in the vale,—
So millions pressed to swell the general grief
One way—for once all men seemed one way drawn.

The repetition of that "one way," appears to us indescribably mournful and beautiful.

Whoever this author may be, we feel indebted to him deeply for this eloquent tribute to the memory of our departed hero; or, to use his own words:

His homage to the chief who drew his sword
At the command of duty; kept it bright
Through perilous days; and, soon as Victory smiled,
Laid it, unsullied, in the lap of Peace.

It is with some reluctance that we approach the tribute of the Laureat. Like all his former works it has been received with a very divided opinion—hearty praise and immoderate dispraise; the "rule and compass critics" abusing as they only can abuse. It may be, that in recording our opinion, we shall draw upon ourselves a portion of the misapplied scorn which has been freely lavished upon the poet, but we should fail in honesty if we refrained from any such fear, for, to our appreciation, this ode is perfectly *Æs*chylian. Thoughts too large for regular metre, but not less poetical on that account, lie heaped together with all the gorgeous profusion of a Greek chorus. What can surpass in sublimity that dialogue between the poet and the shade of NELSON?

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest;
With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?
Mighty seaman, this is he,
Was great by land as thou by sea.

Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coated isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim,
With honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

Many must there be whose mournful but fortunate lot it was to take part in the funeral ceremonies of the cathedral, who called these lines to memory when they saw the white marble statue of NELSON,—its pale contour contrasting finely with the draperies of woe around it,—turned, as though expectant, towards the great door, as though asking the very question—*Who is he that cometh?*

Nor has the Laureate's Muse been less deserving of its fame when, after one prophetic glance into the gloomy future, we are exhorted to remember the solemn warning of the departed, and take heed how we peril the glories he won for us.

Perchance our greatness will increase;
Perchance a darkening future yields
Some reverse from worse to worse,
The blood of men in quiet fields,
And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.
And O remember him who led your hosts;
Respect his sacred warning; guard your coasts:
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent—yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power.
His eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named,
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

Ponder it well, ye Statesmen! For it must be an imminent danger indeed, that caused him who never feared anything but shame to write those memorable words—"I pray God that He will take me away before that great calamity happen

which I am in vain attempting to persuade my colleagues to take measures to avert."

And now that every man that holds a pen in England, from the Laureate down to TUPPER,—including within that comprehensive boundary the poet in the employ of the Messrs. Moses,—has contributed his tribute of sorrow, there remains to us one inexhaustible theme of congratulation and praise, in the belief that, whatever may have been the faults and vanities and absurdities of individual; this great nation was sincere—sincere in it sorrow as it will soon be sincere in its anger. Like one deep, passionate throb, the sense that we had lost our great Warrior went through the national heart,—not as a pang that kills, or as an icy spasm that freezes, but as a spark to kindle every latent feeling of patriotism and honour,—arousing in the heart of every true Englishman an emulation to imitate, each in his degree, the great and solid virtues of the hero we have lost.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has set in motion the pens of many rhymers, but the great event of the time has produced very little poetry. TENNYSON's tribute we notice above. Others of less fame must be content with a passing record here. MR. H. MICHEL, author of *The Ruins of Many Lands*, is the best of the minors. His *Burial of Wellington* has some good rhymes and some flowing verses, but there are no original thoughts to indicate the hand of true genius.—ONE MR. HENRY HOLT has mingled together in one pamphlet *Prince Albert, Wellington, Peel and the Praises of Torquay* (!!) The opening lines of "Wellington" will show what sort of poetry this is:

Come, Clio, take thy lyre again,
And strike a still sublimer strain:
Big with heroic deeds, my soul
The impetuous verse can scarce control.
Not Thebes' son's destruction ire;
Nor Pyrrhus, sacking Troy on fire;
Æneas driven by Juno's hate,
From Latin seats decreed by fate;
Nor wise Ulysses, doomed to roam
'Midst toils and dangers far from home.
No fancied siege, no poet's dream,
No warring deities my theme;
Tis Britain's hero wakes thee, Muse,
Wilt thou the grateful task refuse?

But what will the reader say to MR. JAMES POWELL, the author of *The Poet's Voice and other Poems*. Is it the voice of a poet that thus sings on "Music?"

There's music in the awful thunder's tone,
Though man may not its melody approve,
In the rough winds solemn and weary moan,
Howling hoarsely amid the hurricane's wild rage,—
When elemental war darkens the universal page
Where silence reigns—Music maintains supreme her seat,
Nor Nature's changes, no, nor all we call sublime,
May e'er displace her from her ethereal beat,
Or throw her from the wheel revolving grey-haired time.

— *Wellington Lyrics*, by Mrs. E. T. SMITH, are but a string of common-place sentiments in smooth verses, as witness:

Brave Wellington! and art thou dead?
Is thy heroic spirit fled?
Yes! Britain wears an air of gloom,
And sorrow waits upon thy tomb.
Thou wert a "household word" to all,
And now thou're gone beyond recall,
The heart is sad, and we in vain,
Would see our veteran Duke again.
&c., &c., &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant. By GEORGE GILFILLAN, M.A.

London: Cockshaw. 1852.

ALTHOUGH but small in bulk, this volume contains so vast a subject, and Mr. GILFILLAN has succeeded in compressing within its bounds a survey so extended and comprehensive, that we doubt the possibility of doing full justice to its merits in what must necessarily be but a short review. A miniature in size, it is in reality the outline for a great historical picture; an outline sketched by an able, daring hand; an outline worthy of MICHEL ANGELO or RETZSCHE. The theme which Mr. GILFILLAN has selected is not unfitly chosen. Of the Scottish Covenanters, their rise and fall, their triumphs and their miseries, their virtues and their crimes, very little is popularly known. It is a dark and terrible picture, standing far back in a deep recess, and until now was seen through the medium of a very bad light. A few pages of HUME, a novel or two and some poems (the best of these proceeding from those who were inimical to the cause), are all that have hitherto informed the general reader upon the tragical story of the Covenant. Mr. GILFILLAN therefore deserves no small tribute of gratitude at our hands for having undertaken the elucidation of so important and interesting a corner of history.

The Reformation of Scotland by JOHN KNOX, had done more to sweep away the corruptions of

Popery from the ancient religion of the land than the more political reform effected by HENRY VIII. Whether the one went too far, and like brother *Jack* in SWIFT's inimitable allegory, spoiled the coat in tearing off the tawdry lace too violently; or the other went not far enough, is a question which we do not feel ourselves competent to discuss, and is of little or no importance to our purpose; certain, however, is it, that the creation of anything like an ecclesiastical aristocracy was looked upon in Scotland, from the very first, with the utmost alarm and disfavour. It was in vain that the regent MORRISON endeavoured to accustom the people to the revival of episcopalian dignities by the creation of nominal bishops who received only a small portion of their revenues, and secretly paid over the remainder to the nobles, who did not, we fear, apply the surplus to such advantage as the modern ecclesiastical commission. The people laughed these sham bishops to scorn, and called them *tulchans*, from those calf-skins, stuffed with straw, which country people set beside cows to induce them to give their milk more freely. On the resignation of MORTON, JAMES VI. inaugurated his ascent of the throne by solemnly promulgating the *National Covenant*, whereby he utterly abjured popery and bound himself by oath to maintain the protestant religion. It was at this time that the prelatical party, on whose side ranked many powerful nobles, whose pockets were interested in the question, began to make head, and between this and the popular party arose a long and weary contest, such as can only arise out of religious prejudices. JAMES himself, in spite of his oath, his just fears at the movements of the Roman Catholic potentates of the continent, and his solemn renewal of the Covenant in 1596, opposed all the treacherous obstinacy of a Stuart to the interests of the Presbyterian party. The arbitrary tendency of his disposition originally led him to this course, and when, on the death of ELIZABETH, he ascended the English throne, and the English bishops, strong in their established Episcopacy, moved him to fight the battle of Church and State in Scotland, they found in him no unwilling listener. The promulgation of the Five Articles of Perth, in 1617, was the first aggressive measure against the Presbyterian party, and was met with that determined spirit of resistance which never for a moment flagged throughout the long and terrible struggle which was to follow.

After the death of JAMES, the same line of policy was even more steadily carried out by CHARLES I. "Each," says Mr. GILFILLAN, "expressed their aversion to dissent, whether in politics or in religion, in his own particular way: JAMES, in testy and irregular bursts, and CHARLES by a steady cumulative system of attack, like a serpent sliding along his brilliant and deadly path, through the bushes to his prey." The injudicious conduct of LAUD, in his attempt to force the Book of Common Prayer upon the Scotch Presbyterians, caused the storm to burst forth with all the zealous fury of a religious contest, and when the Dean of Edinburgh, on the 23rd of July, 1633, attempted to read the Liturgy in the Church of St. Giles, an old woman named JENNY GEDDES threw her stool at his head, crying out "Villain, wilt thou read the mass at my lug." It was then that the people renewed and ratified the Covenant, and spreading an immense parchment upon a tombstone in the Grey Friars Church, it was subscribed by an immense multitude, many of whom signed it, as they were afterwards called upon to do in a larger sense, with their own blood. Then came CHARLES with two armies, one commanded by himself, and the other by HAMILTON, whose mother, "a genuine Deborah of the Covenant," came with pistols loaded with gold balls to shoot her own son if he set foot on Scotch ground as an enemy. The firm front presented by the Scotch forces under General LESSLIE, soon drove the king into compromising, and a treaty was entered into; no just security to the Scotch, we imagine, if OLIVER CROMWELL and the Long Parliament had not called upon the king seriously to consider his own position in England, and soon changed his attitude from offensive into defensive.

During the great revolution, Presbytery was in the ascendant throughout the kingdom. In England it was partially established by act of Parliament, which appointed for it provincial synods and a national assembly.

About this time became famous the "great Marquis" of MONTROSE, who, from a zealous Covenanter, had become a fierce opponent of all professing that cause. How he levied an army,

descended from the Perthshire Highlands, obtained a succession of victories over ARGYLL and the Covenant party, sustained a disastrous defeat, was taken prisoner and hanged at Edinburgh,—has been nobly sung by AYTOON, and is worthily told by Mr. GILFILLAN, who, with an impartiality as creditable as it is rare, has scorned the practice resorted to by the literary opponents of the Covenant, and has paid that tribute to the memory of the brave Marquis which his high character and unflinching valour undoubtedly merit.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high;
So noble was his manly front;
So calm his steadfast eye;
The noble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath;
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept;
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

From the moment that CHARLES II. ascended the throne a dark cloud overshadowed Scotland. He had a deep debt of vengeance to pay, and amply did he discharge it. MIDDLETON, LAUDERDALE, SHARP, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Sir JAMES TURNER, DALZIEL, and lastly that dark and bloody man GRAHAME of CLAVERHOUSE (CLAVERS as he was popularly called), were in turn the cruel and unscrupulous instruments of his vengeance. The murder of SHARP by BALFOUR of Burley and his associates, and the victory obtained by the Covenanters at Drumclog only served to fan the fierce flame of persecution. ARGYLL expiated the share he took in the execution of MONTROSE by a similar death, which, to do him justice, he met no less bravely; individual acts of persecution were barbarously perpetrated in every smiling valley of Scotland by CLAVERHOUSE and his pitiless dragoons; and were borne with a constancy and patience that religious enthusiasm can alone inspire; the murder of JOHN BROWN, the Ayrshire carrier; the pitiful death of MARGARET WILSON, will remain for ever monuments to the honour and sincerity of the Covenanters and the eternal shame of their oppressors. The ministers, driven from their homes by the Erastian curates, were driven into moors and peat-bogs, to hold their congregations under the canopy of heaven, and those famous camp-meetings were held which have never ceased to furnish themes for the illustration of the poet and the painter. No unworthy picture is this of Mr. GILFILLAN's:

Their worship was not unfrequently performed at night, under the canopy of Scotland's midnight heaven, with Orion on the south, shining in meek yet mighty rivalship with the Great Bear of the northern sky, with the Pleiades passing overhead like a star dissolving into its particles of glory—shall we rather say, like a little tremulous clump of diminished suns—with meteors shooting across the deep of the stars—with the wind wailing in its passage over a thousand moors—with streams mingling their many voices with its doleful melody—did these persecuted christians meet, and their hoarse psalm, and the loud deep voice of their preacher, did finely harmonize, and make up the full complement of those "voices of the night." And as the preacher warmed with the theme, and alluded to that brief gleam of victory which visited their cause at Drumclog, or bewailed the fatal bridge of Bothwell, fierce eyes became fiercer in the darkness; their bibles were clasped with greater earnestness to their bosoms; their hands unconsciously grasped their swords, and the whole congregation moved like the waves of a stormy sea, and swore, as it were, one deep silent oath, to avenge their quarrel and the quarrel of their desert-inhabiting God. Few now comparatively the voices to sing their war-melody—"In Judah's land;" but rougher and deeper were their accents, and the psalm seemed now the cry of blood going up to heaven from the silent wilderness below, and through that starry desert above, which conducts, by its long and burning stages, to the throne of God.

When CHARLES II. died, as Mr. GILFILLAN says, "much regretted by his mistresses," he left behind him a record of his sentiments with regard to Scotland; "I perceive," said he, in his last will, "that LAUDERDALE has done a great many bad things against the people of Scotland; but I cannot find that he has acted in anything contrary to my interests."

For the short period that JAMES II. remained upon the throne, the persecution raged unabated; but with his fall came happier times for the Covenanters. There was, indeed, bloodshed in Scotland after the accession of the Prince of

Orange, as Glencoe will fearfully testify; but that arose from a political and not a religious matter of dispute. The persecution of the Covenanters lasted, according to Mr. GILFILLAN, for twenty-eight years, and nearly twenty thousand victims perished by fire, sword, water and the scaffold. Besides this the dungeons of the Bass Rock could tell of a vast additional amount of human suffering.

Our space has not permitted us to do more than give a furtive glance over the pregnant pages of this valuable little book; or we would willingly accompany Mr. GILFILLAN through the excellent disquisition he enters into upon the character, literature, aims and attained objects of the Covenanters.

The literary student will find in this portion of the work valuable indications to those obscure, but curious authors, whose works are yet extant. Among these HUGH BINNING's works are distinguished, according to Mr. GILFILLAN, by clear arrangement, evangelical richness of matter, and, for that age, correctness and elegance of style. The works of SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, and *The Glimpse of Glory*, by ANDREW WELLWOOD, are perhaps the best specimens of the Literature of the Covenant.

After Mr. GILFILLAN has exhausted the short catalogue of literary champions who wielded their rude but powerful pens on behalf of the Covenant, he proceeds to sum up the merits of those who, wrongly, as he thinks, espoused the other side of the question, and chiefest among those we find the immortal name of ROBERT BURNS. *The Holy Fair*, *The Ordination*, *The Unco' Guid*, and above all, *Holy Willie's Prayer*, are reviewed with some severity, as manifesting "a bitter determination to root out the last vestiges of the old Presbyterian spirit;" yet, mingling the admiration for his power which no man, least of all a Scotchman, can suppress, with a lament over BURNS's delinquencies, he mourns over him as the only bard capable of doing full justice to the spirit-stirring theme. "Conceive," says he, "his pean over Drumclog, his lament for Bothwell, or his elegy over CAMERON's grave!" This is fair and reasonable enough; but we would willingly have missed the onslaught upon the personal character of BURNS. Why remind us that—

He did certainly, in Dumfries, sink very low; he associated with vile persons, and made himself viler than they. * * * * The mouth which once chanted "The Cottar's Saturday Night" on the Sabbath-day to his entranced brother Gilbert, became an open sepulchre, vomiting out obscenity, blasphemy, fierce ribaldry and invective.

Ah! Mr. GILFILLAN, these are harsh and cruel words; repented, may we venture to hope, before the ink dried upon your paper. Your great countryman,—nay, by the affinity of your own eloquent, poetic vein, your brother, should surely have received gentler treatment at your hands. Veil his mortal failings, screen his human backslidings kindly,—look only at that which is incorruptible and immortal, for ROBERT BURNS, take him for all in all, is the greatest soul in Scotland, the largest Titan your land of giants ever saw!

By way of set-off comes an apotheosis of Sir WALTER, albeit *Old Mortality* was a heavy blow to the admirers of the Covenant. The "Great Magician" must indeed have woven his spells to some purpose, for Mr. GILFILLAN dreams that he is worthy to be ranked in the triumvirate of genius, between HOMER and SHAKESPEARE. It is some comfort that the period at which he is to take this place is postponed to a time when the "barbarous beauties and truculent sarcasms" of THOMAS CARLYLE "are remembered only by retired scholars, and after the large icy sun of his idol, GOETHE, has dwindled into a telescopic star." CARLYLE forgotten, and GOETHE thought little of! Surely the most devout worshipper of Sir WALTER would sooner have him firmly established in the place he now occupies in the esteem of mankind, rather than that he should oscillate for such an indefinite period as that!

Carrying the battle yet more hotly into the adverse camp, the next hero whose hapless luck it is to fall under Mr. GILFILLAN's pen is Professor AYTOON: and here we cordially agree with him. In spite of the redeeming qualities of a polished style, which Mr. GILFILLAN cheerfully admits him to possess, AYTOON has not spoken the truth about the Whigs. His attack upon ARGYLL as—

He who sold his king for gold,
The master-fend Argyle?
the imputation of cowardice to him who after-

wards walked so bravely to his own death, are historical fallacies which no poetical licence can justify, and the savage note in which he exults over the death of WARRISTOUN is of itself almost sufficient to destroy the merit of his noblest ballad, *The Death of Montrose*.

We recommend such of our readers as desire a closer acquaintance with this interesting subject, (and which among them will not?) to obtain and earnestly peruse this valuable little volume.

Half-Yearly Report of the London Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, held in the City of London, Saturday and Sunday, June 5th and 6th, 1852. London: printed by J. B. FRANKLIN.

If the reader will place before him a recent map of North America, and glance towards the west of that mighty continent, he will notice a considerable tract of country bounded on the north by Oregon, on the south by New Mexico, on the west by New California, and on the east by what, for want of a better designation, we must call the Indian Territory. This region, heretofore but very imperfectly known under the names of the "Great Sandy Plain" and the "Great Basin," is about five hundred miles in diameter every way, and is situated at a height of from four to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Hemmed in on all sides by precipitous mountains, this Great Basin is internally diversified by mountain and valley, lake, river, and stream. It is a singular and romantic region. Here stretches an inland sea, called the "Great Salt Lake," nearly three hundred miles in circumference, whose waters are more briny and buoyant than the Ocean itself; and there a placid sheet of fresh water called "Lake Utah." In one part, we have a fertilizing river, recently called the Jordan, and in another, sulphureous springs, gushing from the mountains, in some of which the temperature is so high, that a man's hand can scarcely sustain the heat. A great part of the country is either sandy desert, or so impregnated with brine as to be unfit for vegetation, and there is no great abundance of wood anywhere; but there are fertile strips of soil of a considerable extent, and the loveliest vallies nature ever formed, scattered here and there, and which seem to allure the civilized man to take up his habitation in their precincts. Until within a very few years, this remarkable region was almost unknown to geographers. It was not until the gold fever set in, which attracted so many thousands across the Rocky Mountains to California, that the Easin of the Great Salt Lake ceased to be regarded by many as a myth, and it might still have continued to be the undisputed property of savage wolves, or of tribes of Indians almost as savage, but for the untiring energy and exertions of a despised sect of fanatics, who were driven from the habitations of men to seek a home in its sequestered vallies, by one of the most cruel and dastardly persecutions that history has to record.

Here, in spite of unheard-of difficulties, they have succeeded in completely establishing themselves. They have laid some of the best soil under cultivation, from which they derive abundant crops. Agriculture, and even manufactures, thrive under their hands. They have founded one large city, which can already boast of more than eight thousand inhabitants, and have planned several others. Their territory has been recognised as an integral portion of the United States, and the chief of the sect, Mr. BRIGHAM YOUNG, appointed Governor by sign manual of the Executive. Not content with this, however, they now claim to be admitted into the Union as a free and independent State, and, to judge from their rapid progress hitherto, it is not improbable that their demand will soon be complied with.

The rise and progress of this sect, usually called Mormons, or Mormonites, and by themselves the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," is no less singular and romantic than the country which they now inhabit as their headquarters; and we accordingly propose to give a brief historical sketch of the same, both as highly interesting in itself, and as preparatory to a notice of some of their publications in one of our forthcoming numbers.

Mormonism, in the person of its founder, JOSEPH SMITH, jun., as he always called himself, has not much to be proud of. This individual was born of poor parents, in the year 1805, at Sharon, in Windsor County, Vermont, from which place, when he was about ten years old, the family removed to Palmyra, in New York, and continued to reside in that town or its immediate vicinity,

until JOSEPH reached to man's estate. Of his earlier years nothing is certainly known, farther than that his education was very much neglected, and that he grew up in idleness and dissipation without following any fixed occupation, either because his parents could not control him, or, what is most probable, because he was led by their vicious example to prefer a life of low cunning and imposture to one of honest industry and hard labour. The SMITHS, it would appear, from being small farmers, picked up with the profession of money-finders or treasure-seekers, a sort of people who spent their time in searching for hidden treasures said to be deposited by the Spaniards of by-gone days in certain localities, or for mines which had been once worked by them and afterwards abandoned and concealed. Young SMITH pretended to a supernatural power of finding these out by means of a curious stone, which he used to place in his hat, and then place his hat before his face and look through it, so as to discern the desired object. By such tricks, strange to say, he imposed upon the credulity of several, and although generally found out in the end, the facility with which he made dupes, emboldened him to meditate an imposture of a more extensive kind. There are some stories current with reference to him, at this period of his life, not at all of a creditable kind, and which his followers never mention. On the contrary, they represent him, at about the age of fourteen or fifteen, as being most seriously anxious for his salvation, and doubtful to which of the various religious denominations he should attach himself. In answer to an infinitude of prayers, and tears, and sighs, poured forth by him for enlightenment on the subject, the youth, it is said, was favoured with a series of visions and angelic messages, in which he was informed that his sins were forgiven him; that all the existing sects of Christians had lost the true knowledge of God; but that a new dispensation from Heaven was to be vouchsafed to men previous to the Great Millennium, and that he, JOSEPH, was the chosen instrument to set it forth. Further, it was revealed to him by an angel that the American Indians were a remnant of Israelites who had journeyed to America many years before the birth of our Saviour, where they had a succession of prophets and teachers, who left behind them sundry inspired writings, which, however, in consequence of the wickedness of succeeding generations, lay hidden from their sight, and that he, SMITH, was destined to bring them again before the eyes of mankind. These writings were partly historical, containing a record of the wanderings of those children of Israel, and of their settlement in America, and partly prophetic, giving an account of what was to happen in the latter days. They were collected together in an abridged form by a prophet named MORMON, and engraved on gold plates, or something resembling gold, and after the death of MORMON, fell into the hands of his son MORONI, who being very much persecuted by the wicked men of his generation, was directed by a voice from Heaven to deposit the said plates in the earth, until the Almighty in his own good time should think fit to reveal them to a Gentile nation, destined at some future period to possess the entire continent. The deposit of these records in a hill in Ontario County, New York, about four miles from Palmyra, took place A. D. 420, from which time up to the period of JOSEPH SMITH's angelic visitations, nothing whatever had been either seen or heard of them. From 1823 to 1827 SMITH continued to receive the necessary preliminary instructions from his celestial monitors, and at length on the 27th of September in the last-mentioned year, the miraculous plates were deposited in his hands by an angel. They were accompanied by "a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consists of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past or future." Such an off-hand explanation of a sacerdotal mystery of the ancient Jews that has puzzled all commentators, may serve to prepare the minds of readers for the vast amount of reckless assertion and pretence to inspiration that follows. With the aid of his "Urim and Thummim," and the more substantial assistance of one OLIVER COWDERY, who acted as his amanuensis, JOSEPH, himself being but a poor scribe, the work of translation from the Egyptian character in which the work was said to be written, was forth-

with commenced. Meanwhile, the story of the mysterious plates got to be bruited abroad. By some it was, of course, treated with the contempt it deserved, but there were others who, either through interested motives or a natural love of the marvellous, to which so many are prone, accepted it at once, and hailed its author as an inspired prophet and teacher divinely commissioned to reform the world. In the former category we are afraid that we must place three members of the SMITH family, namely, JOSEPH's father and his two brothers, and in the latter one MARTIN HARRIS, a farmer who advanced fifty dollars for the publication of the new Bible. Visions and revelations now fast succeeded each other. SMITH and COWDERY, while engaged in the work of translation, were visited by a celestial messenger, no less than ST. JOHN the Baptist himself, who ordained them both to the "Aaronic priesthood," promising that at a future time they should receive the still higher order of priests of MELCHIZEDEK. SMITH then baptized COWDERY and COWDERY baptized SMITH, and each hailed the other as properly set apart for the work of preaching the new Evangel. SMITH, of course, always occupying the pre-eminence. This COWDERY and two others, namely, DAVID WHITMER and MARTIN HARRIS, mentioned above, put forth an impudent statement, declaring "that an angel of God came down from Heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon," &c. Subsequently, eight other witnesses, namely, four WHITMERS, three SMITHS, and one HIRAM PAGE, deposed to having seen the plates, but unfortunately for the credit of the new religion, the three witnesses first mentioned, together with PAGE, either abandoned Mormonism or were expelled from the sect some time afterwards, probably because they knew too much of the imposture in which it originated. With the publication of *The Book of Mormon*, in the year 1830, the new sect may be considered as fairly launched on the world. About this time we hear of one SIDNEY RIGDON, to whom, if report speaks true, the world is indebted, more even than to SMITH, for the new revelation.

We have seen the miraculous origin claimed for *The Book of Mormon*; let us now see, in connexion with the name of RIGDON, the more probable version of the story as currently reported in America. According to this account, a gentleman named SOLOMON SPAULDING, formerly a clergyman, and a man of education, with a taste for history and antiquities, was residing at New Salem, in Ohio, in or about the year 1812, when, from some excavations made in the neighbourhood, revealing many curious relics of antiquity, he conceived the notion of weaving together a romance founded on the hypothesis that the lost tribes of Israel had settled in America after their dispersion. This hypothesis was not a new one, but had been broached some years previously, we forget by whom, and Mr. SPAULDING, without believing in it, nevertheless conceived it might form a legitimate subject for an historical romance. He accordingly planned a work to which he gave the name of *The Manuscript found*, and proceeded to detail in it the wanderings of the children of Israel under chosen leaders until their arrival and settlement in America. In the course of the narrative, which was not unaptly couched in Old Testament phraseology, Mr. SPAULDING gave free course to his imagination, and as the work progressed, his friends and neighbours would call and hear portions of it read and encourage him to proceed. From New Salem Mr. SPAULDING removed to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, where he became acquainted with an editor of a newspaper named PATTERSON, to whom he showed his manuscript. Mr. PATTERSON, who retained the MS. for a long time, strongly urged Mr. SPAULDING to publish it as a profitable speculation, but this he declined to do, and it was at length returned to the owner. Meanwhile, however, it had got into the hands of SIDNEY RIGDON, who was either a compositor or otherwise connected with Mr. PATTERSON's office, and at the same time a preacher in some religious sect, though of what particular kind is not quite clear. RIGDON, it is stated, contrived to copy the MS. either in whole or in part. Mr. SPAULDING died in 1816, and Mr. PATTERSON in 1826. At what time SIDNEY RIGDON became acquainted with SMITH does not distinctly appear, but at all events he was mixed up with him prior to the publication of *The Book of Mormon* in 1830. What is certain, according to the testimony of credible persons, is, that many of the names and

events mentioned in SMITH's *Book of Mormon* occur also in SPAULDING's *Manuscript Found*. Of course there are many alterations and amplifications, but the ground work is the same in both, and this we have attested both on the testimony of Mr. SPAULDING's widow, who afterwards married a Mr. DAVIDSON, and who addressed a letter on the subject to a Boston newspaper in May, 1839, of Mr. JOHN SPAULDING, SOLOMON's brother, and several others. We have no reason to doubt the genuineness of this account, especially as it gets rid of all the nonsense of miraculous agency; and the furious disclaimer put forth shortly afterwards by SIDNEY RIGDON in the same paper that contained Mrs. DAVIDSON's letter, only confirms our belief in the share he must have had in the work. SMITH, illiterate as he was, could not have planned and executed even such a hotch-potch as *The Book of Mormon*; but, with SPAULDING's "Manuscript" for a foundation, and RIGDON's assistance, it was quite possible. Here we may remark that it might, perhaps, assist to open the eyes of the deluded followers of Mormonism were the original Spaulding MS. published, under good attestation; and, indeed, we are astonished that this has not been done before.

To attempt to criticize the *Book of Mormon*, or even give an abstract or summary of its contents, would lead us beyond our prescribed limits. Suffice it to say, that it contains many interpolations from the Holy Scriptures, one part of it being an almost literal transcript from Isaiah; that the narrative is intended to resemble the style of our English authorized version, but that it abounds in grammatical errors of the grossest kind, such as "The more history part," "Blessed be him that shall be," "Do as ye have hitherto done," "Ye saith unto him," &c.; also that it contains the most glaring anachronisms and inconsistencies, one part frequently contradicting another; and that there are some passages from which it is impossible to glean any sense whatever. In one part, which purports to have been written more than a hundred years before the birth of the SAVIOUR, we are told that "Salvation cometh to none, except it be through repentance and faith in the Lord JESUS CHRIST." Indeed, the words "Christ," "Holy Ghost," "Resurrection," &c. occur frequently in the ante-New Testament portions of the work. Vulgarisms and sectarian phrases are also frequent, such as "And there were exceeding many prophets among us," "He clapped his hands upon all them who were with him," "The sun did rise in the morning again according to its proper order;" "Now the Zoramites were dissenters from the Nephites;" "To grant unto them their sacred privileges to worship the Lord their God," &c. Battles and sieges, and adventures of various kinds, are scattered throughout in profusion, but all so ill-contrived and described, that one cannot read them even with ordinary interest. Some of the most important discoveries are ante-dated, with a fearless disregard for the reader's patience. Thus, we have the compass in use about 1800 years before the date usually assigned for its invention. A Mormonite, we understand, when once taxed with this glaring anachronism, defended it triumphantly, on the authority of a passage in the "Acts of the Apostles," in which the Apostle PAUL uses the words, "From whence we fetched a compass, and came to Rheygum!" No wonder that, where there is so much ignorance, impostors find dupes! But to proceed with our narrative. SMITH, after the publication of his book, appears to have rallied round him a considerable body of disciples; but, at the same time, all was not sunshine with him in Palmyra and its neighbourhood, where the new sect met with a strong opposition from the "Gentiles," as all those were called who refused to believe in his divine mission. Accordingly, the whole family of the SMITHS removed to Kirtland, in Ohio. Here, also, the "Prophet" succeeded in making converts; at the same time that, with an eye to business, he established a mill and a store, and also set up a bank. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he would succeed better by migrating further west, and, with this view he made an excursion into Missouri, where he fixed upon a place called Independence, in Jackson County, to which the Saints were to be gathered together, and establish their "Zion." Filled with this idea, JOSEPH issued a revelation on the subject, and proceeded to travel into various parts of the Union, preaching his new doctrines. Thousands were soon baptized, either by himself or his apostles; but there was still a strong feeling abroad in the mass

of the population against their proceedings. JOSEPH himself was frequently attacked by infuriated mobs; and, on one occasion, was stripped naked and tarred by a band of ruffians, while his assistant, SIDNEY RIGDON, was not only tarred, but feathered, according to the most approved usage of an American mob. In obedience to the revelation of the Prophet, hundreds flocked to the New Zion in Missouri, but here not only was the public indignation roused against them, but the Saints themselves became disunited, and further revelations were obliged to be issued to keep them in order. The history of the Mormons, for the next three or four years, is a series of conflicts with their enemies, and of internal dissensions. The latter were generally quelled by the bold impudence of their founder, but it required something more than mere revelation to overcome the hostility of the "Gentiles." The "Jackson Boys" would hear of nothing less than the complete and final departure of the Mormonites from their territory. When this was refused, armed mobs met together, and, by a succession of outrages upon the lives and properties of the Saints, compelled them to disperse. In vain they appealed to the legal tribunals to protect them. The sovereignty of the people was beyond all law, and accordingly we find them driven from one place to another in the State of Missouri, but nowhere finding a secure habitation.

In a few years, notwithstanding the persecutions to which they had been subjected, the Mormonites had increased to the number of some thousands in this State, which they were taught to regard as their head-quarters. In 1837, SMITH's Bank, at Kirtland, failed, and to escape from the vengeance of his creditors, he determined, in obedience of course to an especial revelation, to take up his abode among the Saints in Missouri. His presence among them removed much internal discord, and at the same time roused the courage of his followers to resist the lawless attacks of their enemies. All their efforts, however, proved unsuccessful. Armed mobs met together and assailed them, and when the militia were called out to quell the rioters, on a special application of "the Saints," they sided with the mob, one of the results being an indiscriminate massacre of the poor Mormons, to a large number, at a place called Haun's Mill. What a picture of civilization in the Far West! It was not to be expected that SMITH and his followers would submit tamely to these repeated outrages. They had no protection from the law, and accordingly prepared to resist the violence of their enemies by force of arms. The Prophet himself was a man of mettle, and his followers, though calling themselves "Saints," had all the daring of backwoodsmen. SMITH, who always went armed himself, now instituted a body-guard of twenty men, whom he kept about him, and of which his brother HIRUM was made Captain. We also hear of a body called the "Danite Band" or the "Destroying Angels," who, if we are to believe the testimony of their enemies, were ready to undertake any enterprise, however atrocious, at the bidding of their rulers. Skirmishes now became frequent, in which the Mormons were often victorious. They fortified their villages and farms, and when legal processes were served upon them they resisted. They boasted also of their triumphs in a manner that exasperated their enemies, who exaggerated whatever they may have been guilty of, and represented them to the Governor of the State, as the common enemies of the human race. The result was that the militia were again called out, in the autumn of 1838, under the command of General DONIPHAN, with the avowed object of exterminating them if they would not quit the State completely and for ever. The danger being now imminent, and no help at hand, the Mormons, fearful of a general massacre, resolved to submit. They accordingly delivered up their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war to the commanding officer. This was at a place called Far West, where the Mormons had congregated in vast numbers. JOSEPH SMITH, who had been betrayed into the hands of his enemies, his brother HIRUM, and three others, were all placed under arrest, to answer to charges of treason, murder and felony. The rest were dismissed with the understanding that they should return to their homes until the end of the season, and then abandon the territory altogether. On the evening of the same day that they were arrested, SMITH and his fellow-prisoners were sentenced by court martial to be shot, and this to be carried into execution on the following morning. General DONIPHAN, however, it seems,

protested against the proceedings as illegal, and saved their lives. SMITH and his companions were then sent close prisoners to Independence, from which they were afterwards removed to Richmond, and thence to a place called Liberty, in Clay County. After being kept in prison for about six months altogether, they at length managed to effect their escape, and SMITH appeared once more, in the spring of 1839, at the head of his followers, at a place called Quincy, in Illinois, to which they had migrated in the months of December and January preceding.

(To be continued.)

The Analysis and Summary of Herodotus. By J. TALBOYS WHEELER. Second Edition, revised. London: BOHN.

We have now to introduce to our readers another enterprise of the indefatigable Mr. Bohn. He has added to his many "Libraries" a "Philological Library," and he commences it with Mr. WHEELER's *Analysis and Summary of Herodotus*, which every student of history and reader of the original should peruse to refresh his memory and place upon his shelf for reference. Besides a valuable synchronistical table of principal events, it contains tables of weights, measures, money and distances; an outline of the history and geography, and the dates completed. Many new and learned notes have been added to this edition, as gleaned from the best modern authorities.

Watkins's Commercial and General London Directory and Court Guide for 1853.

THE issue of a second year's volume is, to some extent, a proof that the public have properly valued the boon offered them by Mr. WATKINS. Although only half the price of the Directories which preceded it, we cannot discover that this is wanting in any essential feature. It is well arranged, well printed, well bound in leather; in short, a mass of facts as marvellous as the age which makes it a necessity. Purchasers who value a saving of 50 per cent. will ask for "Watkins's Directory" in preference to any other. It is quite as complete as its competitor, as far as we have been enabled to examine.

Wellington, by T. BINNEY, was, it seems, begun as a sermon, and the first part of it was actually delivered from the pulpit, but it was completed as an essay. It is an eloquent tribute to the merits of the departed hero.—From MICHAEL ANGELO GARVEY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, we have received a little volume, entitled *The Silent Revolution*, the object of which is to show what changes have been already produced in society and in the condition of mankind by the agencies of Steam and Electricity, and to prophecy the probable, or rather the possible, future to be anticipated from that which we already see in progress. Great advancement of intellect and of wealth, universal well-being, free intercourse and interchange between all nations, and ultimately an universal language are the consummation to which he looks forward with confidence. The volume is well written, the style being clear, vigorous, and at times eloquent.—The latest addition to Mr. Bohn's "Standard Library" is a collection of *The Moral and Historical Works of Lord Bacon*, including his Essays, *Appophthegms*, *Wisdom of the Ancients*, *New Atlantis*, and *Lite of HENRY the Seventh*. Mr. JOSEPH DEVEREY, M.A., has contributed an introductory dissertation and critical, explanatory and historical notes, upon which he has bestowed much labour of research and reflection. This is really one of the Standard Books of our language.—Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. have reprinted in a separate form, as a cheap pamphlet, LAMARTINE's graphic description of *Wellington and Waterloo*, in his *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*.—Messrs. Chambers have just published a cheap and neat edition of *Paley's Moral Philosophy*, by Dr. BAIN, who has added many notes, illustrative and critical. Political Philosophy has made vast progress since PALEY discoursed of it, and it is still developing itself; but Moral Philosophy is the same everywhere, and at all times. PALEY has treated it in a larger spirit than many of those who have handled the subject, and he possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of thinking clearly, and therefore of expressing himself clearly, and hence he is intelligible to ordinary readers. An edition of one of his best books in this accessible form, is not the least acceptable of the many, contributions to popular literature, for which our generation is indebted to these enterprising publishers.—Mr. C. W. HARTNETT has published a short treatise, neither ostentatious nor dogmatical, on *The Cause, Cure, and Prevention of Smoky Chimneys*: (J. Gilbert.) In about thirty pages, the author conveys a whole volume of information, and he shows clearly what are the causes which produce smoky chimneys, and by what easy means the nuisance may be prevented or cured. By following these directions, we feel assured that the expenditure of many a hundred pounds may be saved by those who are troubled with smoky chimneys.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE sudden and lamented death of Daniel Webster may be taken to be, in some measure, a literary event; for the twelve volumes of his collected works, published quite recently, include compositions on almost every conceivable theme, and just before his decease he was lending to literature the weight of his name and political reputation, by delivering eloquent addresses in praise of knowledge in general, and of special departments of it in particular, to meetings of learned societies, into which, moreover, the eager American public was allowed to overflow. However this may be, the selection by President Fillmore of Edward Everett to be Webster's successor is clearly an occurrence that falls within the sphere of a literary critic's manipulation. Everett, though he was once American Minister in England, is even more of an author than a politician, and it may be presumed that he owes the occupancy of his new and important post to the literary reputation which is understood to have procured him the embassy to England. Really the Americans are "going ahead" in their official patronage of literature. They have a novelist for their Secretary of the Navy, a personage equivalent to our First Lord of the Admiralty; and now they have an essayist for one of their Secretaries of State! Their Bancroft and Washington Irving have filled the highest posts, and if Prescott has not been similarly distinguished, it is said to have been his own fault. Everett has been from its commencement a steady contributor to *The North American Review* (the *Edinburgh* of the United States), and if not a vigorous or striking is an elegant and accomplished writer. He is one of the heads of the school which has already become "old," even in the young United States,—whose members devote their days and nights to the study of the Classic English authors of the eighteenth century,—a school which is being fast swept away by the onrush of youthful, ebullient, would-be mystical and transcendental Curtises and Melville's, who look to Emerson as their father, and Margaret Fuller as their mother. Just as the interest excited by the description of European men, women, and things in Margaret Fuller's *Memoirs*, is dying away in the States, comes the announcement of a work from the pen of Emerson, conveying his *Impressions of Europe* during his recent visit to the Old World. "Impressions of Great Britain and France" would, perhaps, be a more correct title; for we are not aware that his sojourn on this side of the Atlantic extended further than those countries, unless, indeed, which we can scarcely believe, he mean to favour us with the reminiscences of a still earlier European tour, undertaken about the time of the Reform Bill. Emerson's new book may certainly be looked for with considerable interest on both sides of the Atlantic. There is nothing the Americans are so curious about as the English, and there is nothing the English are so curious about as—themselves! Unlike Margaret Fuller's, Emerson's sojourn in Europe was chiefly an English one, and he came into contact with specimens of almost every grade of Englishmen, from the aristocracy downwards, and, of course, saw all that was to be seen in our "literary circles." From the peculiar nature of his teaching, moreover, many strange sorts and conditions of men, of whom the public knows little, who cultivate in silence and obscurity the oddest and most peculiar notions, gathered about the American Prophet; and the English may learn first from his book the existence of "originals" among them,—although that race of beings is vulgarly reputed to have disappeared before the march of intellect, and the progress of a polished and all-assimilating civilization. With this exception, we hear of no new literary phenomenon beyond the Atlantic, worth an announcement; for Nathaniel Hawthorne's new fame has thrown him into the hands of the booksellers, and from an electioneering biography of the new President-Presumptive General Franklin Pierce—he has proceeded, by an easy and natural gradation, to compile a Life of Washington—for children!

With fitful and uncertain sound, there have reached us from time to time during the last ten or twelve years, vague rumours of a new dramatic prodigy in Germany, whom enthusiastic

admirers went the length of terming a nineteenth-century Shakspeare,—a certain Frederick Hebbel by name. Born like Niebuhr (and in 1813), in the rude solitude of Ditmarsch, and bound by penury to his native soil, while the poetic ardour of his disposition called him away to the rich wide world of art and cultivation, Hebbel spent a youth of martyrdom like that which tutored the fiery Schiller into song. At last, at the age of twenty-two, fate smiled on him, and he could depart to Germany and its universities,—first Heidelberg and then Munich,—where he graduated in the dark wisdom of the Egyptians of modern times. Retiring thence to Hamburg, which he liked as a northern, and for its commercial animation, he composed the tragedy of *Judith*, and performed at Berlin in 1840, it burst upon the languid theatrical world of Germany. Certainly a most extraordinary dramatic piece, in which the heroine of the *Apocrypha* is shaped (like Tennyson's *Princess*) to refute the modern doctrine of "the Emancipation of Woman," while Holofernes, a type of brute wickedness in human shape, talks ultra-sensualism in the dialect of the maddest and most advanced of German Revolutionists, and symbolizes, for the shocked edification of mankind, the practical results of the school of "young Hegelism!" Full of the crude but effective power of Schiller's *Robbers*, *Judith* has become a standard-piece in Germany, and the heroine found a fitting representative in Mademoiselle Christina Enghaus, the leading German tragédienne, who, indeed, later bestowed her hand upon its author, when, after various wanderings, he finally settled at Vienna in 1846. Several other dramas, the most notable among them being a powerful one on the subject of Herod and Marianne, have consolidated his first success, and what can be seldom said of a dramatist, his latest piece is his best—*Agnes Bernauer*, a romantic mediæval drama, represented but a few months ago at Munich, and not yet given to the press. In M. Saint René Tailleur, the thoughtful and catholic contributor to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, Hebbel has found (rare fortune for a poet) a friendly but admiring critic to whom he could confide his past history and present aims, and it is from a notice of this gentleman's, in a new number of that admirable publication, that we have gleaned most of these few particulars respecting Hebbel. At present he is engaged upon a new drama, which is to be his *Faust*, and of which the scope and design are very peculiar. A liberal, but an anti-revolutionist, and with something of the patrician about him, Hebbel has recognised "the Rock of Ages" to be the only sure refuge in the stormy fluctuating sea of modern life and speculation, and *Moloch*, the drama on which he is now engaged, has for its object, what the French would call "the rehabilitation of religion." Hieram, a Carthaginian General, sails away after the fall of Carthage, to Thule and its savage population, carrying with him Moloch, a Carthaginian idol. By the aid of the idol, he subdues and civilizes his savages; and polity and religion arise in Thule. It is from selfish motives, however, that Hieram does all this, and when part of his work is completed, he seeks to make Moloch his instrument, but finds him a master, and dies. We shall be curious to see how this striking and fruitful conception is worked out.

This is Hebbel's *Faust*, but, meanwhile, the old *Faust* has not exhausted its influence. New generations of foreign critics applaud it as it is acted in distant London, and new generations of domestic artists delight to illustrate it. It was but lately that we described the pictorial illustrations of *Faust*, executed by Professor Vogel, the gifted illustrator of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and now we have to chronicle the commenced publication by Cotta of Stuttgart, of a series of illustrations of *Faust*, which in genius and pains-taking luxuriance are to throw all similar efforts into the shade. The artist is Engelbert Sieberg, who has devoted (so they say), his life to the study of *Faust*, and the work is one so beautiful as to deserve to win its way into many a British drawing-room. The still newest and not pictorial but literary illustration of Goethe is a *Briefwechsel und mundlicher Verkehr zwischen Goethe und dem Rathe Grüner* (Goethe's Correspondence and Conversation with Councillor Grüner), which shows Goethe under his scientific,

his travelling, and also, his most amiable aspects. Grüner's name turns up once or twice in the *Tag und Jahres Hefte*, and he has put forth this little volume as an explanatory supplement to those allusions. Grüner is now an emeritus Burgomaster and magistrate at Eger in Bohemia, through which Goethe often passed on his way to Marienbad or Carlsbad. Admiring the poet, Grüner took occasion once to carry him the requisite passport in person, and Goethe finding him a sagacious man, struck up an acquaintance with him, which ripened into something like intimacy, Grüner being full of mineralogy, geology, and miscellaneous information about the district, all of which was useful and agreeable to Goethe. The conversation and correspondence turn mainly upon matters of this kind with occasional deviations in proof of the benevolent kindness of Goethe's disposition. One of the latter's remarks to Grüner is worth quoting from the new interest it has acquired in the face of recent historical phenomena. The two were talking of the Austrian government and the excellent results of its rule in Bohemia, when Grüner alluded to Hungary as a portion of the empire where the good wishes of the Kaiser's ministers were perpetually thwarted and disappointed. "Yes!" said Goethe, they have a Constitution in Hungary, and you cannot do them good by force;—the time must come as under Kaiser Joseph, when there will be no constitution, and you will be allowed to do them good by force." Concerning other German books and of other German literary gossip, there are a few items, and but a few, worth reporting. Hammer Purgstall, the laborious historian of Persian literature, has brought out a first instalment of his *Litteraturgeschichte der Araber* ("History of Arabic Literature"). Dr. C. Wurzbach sends a really entertaining little book, as "a contribution to the knowledge of the stages of Slavonic culture"—*Die Sprichwörter der Polen* ("The Proverbs of the Poles"), in which a series of striking proverbs are quoted and traced to their origin in history, or social circumstance, or national character. Countess Ida von Hahn-Hahn will not be silent any the more now she is a nun, and has a Christmas book on the anvil, by way of reply to her critics. And Gervinus has returned to Berlin, and is plunged amid researches in the Royal Library there, with a view to a new edition of his elaborate national history of German literature.

For several years the King of Prussia has been forwarding the publication of a complete collection of the works of his great ancestor, the great Frederick, who, not merely a warrior and a legislator, was or tried to be a poet, philosopher, and historian. Louis Napoleon, it is said, is conceiving a similar project with regard to the great Napoleon, whose literature, if chiefly in prose, was multifarious in its way, stretching from such an early dialogue as the *Souper de Beaucaire* to those reflections on human history, affairs and destiny in general, and his own history, affairs, and destiny in particular, which he dictated to his faithful followers at St. Helena. Napoleon's sayings were often not less striking than his doings, and now that so much has been written about his actions, it is time that somebody should execute a neat little compilation of "Napoleon Table-Talk." Vague rumours are afloat that Louis Napoleon has discovered a large mass of unprinted compositions by his Imperial Uncle, which are to form the basis of the intended collection; but really rumours of French occurrences turn out so frequently to be mendacious, and this special rumour has so doubtful an air about it that we do not expect much that is absolutely novel in the way of Napoleon-literature.

The almost total extinction of strongly-marked journalistic politics in France is driving its chief political writers into the Literary Reviews, to which, from their select circulation, a certain breadth of opinion is more freely allowed, and where political feeling can dexterously find an expression in general criticism,—in accordance with the sagacious old Goethe's sentiment: "Don't talk to me about the evils of a censorship of the press: censorship only makes the opposition more ingenious!" Now, as ever since the Revolution of February, the *Revue des deux Mondes* remains the chief organ of the Orleanist and par-

liamentary party, its principal contributors being Villemain, Cousin, Albert de Broglie, Saint Marc Girardin, and Vivien; and it is no secret that its recent paper on the French navy, which was signed "De Mars," the name of the Editor of the *Revue*, was from the pen of the Prince de Joinville, whose various essays on that subject have just been collected into an interesting little volume. Parenthetically, and by the way, allusion should be made to a very interesting and amusing series of papers which are in course of publication in the *Revue*, on "Beaumarchais, his Life, his Writings, and his Time." Thanks to his published pleadings in the famous lawsuit, and to his meagre correspondence something is already known about the Author of the "Marriage of Figaro," but little in comparison with the romance and strange vicissitudes of his career. The writer of the articles in question, M. Louis de Loménie, has come into possession of an immense mass of Beaumarchais' unpublished and unknown papers of every kind, from love-letters to tavern-bills, and from the portion of the biography already published (which takes us to the threshold of Beaumarchais' questionable celebrity in connection with the Goczmann lawsuit, when he was known only as a pushing parvenu about court, the author of one or two indifferent dramas), we may expect some amusing revelations. That the assistance lent by France, in the way of money, arms, and ammunition to the revolting American colonies was a most important element in the success of the American Revolution is beginning to be understood, though American historians are apt to ignore it; and as Beaumarchais was the principal French agent in these transactions, we would advise our American friends to keep an eye on the forthcoming instalments of M. de Loménie's biography.—To return, however, to the French Reviews. The party of fusion, composed of former Orleanists and Legitimists, has started a rival to the *Revue des deux Mondes* in the *Revue Contemporaine*, to which the chief contributors are Guizot, Salvandy, Berryer, Lerminier, Alfred Nettet, Vitet, Beugnot, &c. The other organs of Royalism, but of no great mark, are the *France Historique*, edited by Rémy, and the *Chronique de France*, by Villemessant. Republicanism has taken refuge in Lamartine's *Civilisateur*. And Imperialism, not content with its many political organs, has a literary one in the revived *Revue de Paris*, conducted chiefly by Arsène Houssaye, Méri, Louis de Cormenin, and the like, waiters upon the powers that be.

The long-talked of "organization of literature" in France is said to be now at last under way,—but, alas! it seems to be nothing more than a borrowing by Louis Napoleon from his old friend Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, of the fundamental idea of the Guild of Literature, the granting of miscellaneous pensions for doing anything or nothing! Meanwhile, the controversy respecting the usefulness of Pagan literature, begun by the Abbé Gaume in his too famous *Ver Rongeur*, is waxing fast and furious, new combatant against combatant descending fresh into the dusty arena, as old combatant against combatant leave it, exhausted. The latest champion for the introduction of the Pagan classics into schools is an ecclesiastic and canon of Autun (where Talleyrand once was bishop), the Abbé Landriot, who in two erudite works shows conclusively that the literary instruction patronized by the Church during the first fifteen centuries of its existence is precisely that against which the Abbé Gaume writes, and that Pagan authors have always been put by it into the hands of young persons. The question, for the ecclesiastic, is really a difficult one. The late John Foster, in his plain-spoken and courageous way, declared in his essay on Evangelical Religion, that the whole tendency of secular literature was anti-religious, and yet he did not go the length of proscribing it. The Roman Catholic Church, moreover, is in this difficulty, that it is chiefly to the exertions of its own mediæval members that the preservation of those dangerous classics is due. And, then, there are the praises lavished on them by the fathers—Augustine calling Plato the philosopher of Christianity! And now, to make confusion worse confounded, there has arisen in France a class of controversialists, who charge upon Protestantism all the socialism and destructive revolutionism of the age! To this class belongs the author of a work of some repute, the *Etudes philosophiques sur le Christianisme*, M. A. Nicholas, who has just published a thorough-going book, *Du Protestantisme et de toutes les hérésies dans leur rapport avec le socialisme* ("On Protestantism and heresy

generally, in their relations to Socialism"), where he detects the germ of M. Louis Blanc's Organization of Labour in the Eutychian heresy, and traces the Reign of Terror to Luther's denial of Transubstantiation!

Blind and aged, but dauntless and indefatigable, M. Augustin Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest of England, is once more in the field, prefacing some documents on the History of the Tiers-Etat, in France (which were put into his hands to edit), with a zealous and elaborate disquisition on a favourite theme. As in England, his beloved Celts were cruelly vanquished by successive hordes of Saxons and of Normans: so in Gaul he sees them tyrannized over by an alien race of Franks; and through the historical development of centuries, he lovingly traces the slow but sure, and, ultimately, successful revolt of the Tiers-Etat against their tyrants. Here, at the most notable epoch of that revolt—the first French Revolution, the inexhaustible Alexandre Dumas takes him up, with a *Vie de Louis XVI. et Marie Antoinette* ("Life of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette")—such as Alexandre can dash off in a week. Then comes a pathetic M. de Beauchêne, dropping, as he goes, the briny tear over *Louis XVII., sa vie son agonie, et sa mort* ("Louis XVII., his life, his agony, and his death")—a painful and well-known story, needlessly raked up at this time of day. In a less exalted department of biography than the Royal, M. Naudet, its secretary, has been reading at the Annual meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions, a biographical notice of one of its lately deceased members, the Baron Walckenær, an archaeologist, classical editor, historian, geographer, entomologist, and author of those *Commentaries on the Life of Madame de Sevigné*, of which we spoke favourably last fortnight. M. de Lamartine, rid at last of his history of the Restoration, is carrying actively on his biographical periodical *Le Civilisateur*, in which a Life of Cicero has just appeared in three parts, the flowing eclectic Cicero being naturally a favourite of M. de Lamartine's. Fenelon, Heloise, Gutenberg, Nelson, Tasso are to follow. And M. de Remusat's life of Anselm of Canterbury, which we formerly announced, and partially criticised, is at last through the press.

Abel-el-Kader has quitted Paris, but turned quite literary before his departure. The *Imprimerie Nationale* received a visit from him, the day before he had inspected the Museum of Artillery; and after a little inspection of typographical processes, the Emir exclaimed with metaphorical naivete: "Yesterday I visited the guns of war; to-day I see the great guns of intelligence"—which some hopeful people think will destroy the former sort! Arabic books, beautifully printed, were shown to him, and excited his sympathy. But, above all, was he surprised with a lithographed copy of the letter he had written some days before to the Prince-President:—"that is my writing!"

In two Paris papers, the *Siecle* and the *Presse*, is proceeding the publication of French translations of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; in one as *La Cabane de l'oncle Tom*; in the other as *La Case de l'oncle Tom*. Labedolière, the translator of Cooper, Marryatt, and Dickens, has finished and is about to publish a complete translation, under the title of *Le Père Tom*, and it has cost him three months' continuous labour.

FRANCE.

CHAMFORT AND HIS WRITINGS.*

Œuvres recueillies de Chamfort. [Collected Works of Chamfort.] 4 vols. 8vo. Paris.
Chamfortiana. [Anecdotes of Chamfort.] 1 vol. 12mo. Paris.

THESE are men who, endowed by Nature with the highest intellectual gifts, are either so unfortunate in their education or so destitute of the power of concentrativeness, that they leave behind them little besides regret that their talents have been utterly misused. The abilities of such men are equally useless to themselves and to posterity, but are of the utmost possible service to such of their associates as have the tact to profit by their conversation; if haply they are moved occasionally

* An article having lately appeared in the pages of a monthly contemporary, giving an account of the leading incidents of Chamfort's life and some translated anecdotes from the *Chamfortiana*, we think it right to observe that our selection of the subject has been in nowise influenced by that circumstance, but that the greater part of the notes upon which the present remarks are based, were taken from sources attainable to every literary student long before the appearance of our contemporary's article.

to write, it has generally been something which provokes the remark that it is utterly unworthy their reputation; all that is left of that brilliant wit, that pregnant intellect which has been the delight and marvel of their contemporaries, may commonly be collected into one insignificant little volume of jokes and anecdotes, and turning away from these poor fragments with a sigh, we exclaim that a vast store of intellectual wealth, intended by its Bestower to be a lasting benefit to mankind, has been squandered in a drunken riot to furnish a transient, fruitless amazement to a score or two of gaping fools. Such a man was SEBASTIAN ROCHE NICHOLAS CHAMFORT.

He was born in 1741, near Clermont, in Auvergne; a province celebrated for the water-carriers which it supplies to the metropolis of France. Who his father was he never knew, or if he knew he cared not to divulge, for he was the natural son of a peasant girl of remarkable beauty but of ignoble race. There must have been some hopeful promise in the boy, for at a very early age we find him at Paris admitted into the *Collège des Grassins* as a bursar, and so rapidly did his studies progress that in the third year of his scholastic life he gained no less than four out of the five prizes annually distributed at the college, failing only in the composition of Latin verses. The next year he gained all the five, and when spoken to upon the subject, replied with very undisguised contempt for the judgment of his preceptors, "I lost the prize last year because I imitated VIRGIL; this year I have obtained it because I took BUCHANAN, and other moderns, for my guides." From what cause does not appear, but soon after this he left the *Collège des Grassins* and we find him at the desk, clerk to a procurator. This, however, did not last long; the treadmill of business did not suit his erratic disposition, nor he the treadmill of business; in a very short time he was engaged in the more precarious, but more congenial pursuits of a literary life. An engagement upon the *Journal Encyclopédique* was soon followed by the publication of his celebrated *Eloge on Molière*, which gained the prize of the *Academie Française* for the year 1769. Five years afterwards his *Eloge upon La Fontaine* carried off the prize of the *Academie de Marseilles* from numerous competitors. It was about this time that he assumed the name of CHAMFORT, having previously borne only that of NICHOLAS, the name of his mother. Henceforward the reputation of CHAMFORT became fairly established as a man of refined taste, extensive knowledge and brilliant original wit; he became intimate with DUCLOS and D'ALEMBERT, the Coryphées of the Académie, and the bonds of friendship which united him to MIRABEAU were only loosened by the death of the latter. The versatility of his genius and the associations he thus formed, soon introduced him into the best society in France, where, being as remarkable for the elegance of his person as for the refined graces of his mind, he soon became celebrated for the favour with which he was received by the fair sex. That he suffered himself to be controlled by his passions in the heyday of his youth he himself confesses, when riper years had induced reflection and a calm had succeeded the storm: "I have destroyed," said he, "my passions, as a violent man sometimes kills his horse, because he cannot govern it," and a great lady who had received him into favour testifies of him at this time, "he was HERCULES under the shape of ADONIS."

But it was not only in the circles of the Académie and of the salons that the genius of CHAMFORT became remarkable; the appearance of his tragedy *Mustapha* raised him to an equality with the first dramatists of his day, and there is little doubt but that if political disorders, unfavourable ever to the calm triumphs of the mind, had not intervened, he would have come down to posterity in the front rank of the French dramatists. When *Mustapha* appeared, VOLTAIRE, a difficult judge, said that it reminded him of RACINE, and, despite the distempered condition of the public mind, the public were no less enthusiastic.

It is to be regretted that these triumphs did not satisfy the ambition of CHAMFORT. His intimacy with MIRABEAU drew him into that fatal political vortex from which he never could extricate himself, and which eventually proved his destruction. He was appointed a member of the Jacobin Club in 1791, and, although speedily disgusted with the hollowness of the principles professed by those who surrounded him, he had committed himself too deeply to retract. Thus it was that he made enemies on both sides; the monarchists hated him because he was a republican, and the republican chiefs because he had detected the shallowness of their mock humanity. Courageous as he was unsparing, he cared little for the enmity of either side, and scattered his sarcasms around him with fearless impartiality. One day, on seeing the words "Fraternity or death," inscribed upon the walls of Paris, he said, "The fraternity of these fellows is the fraternity of CAIN and ABEL;" and, on being appointed the literary editor of the *Mercurie de France*, of which MALLET DU PAN swayed

the political sceptre, he wrote, *apropos* of the aristocratical tendencies of the latter:—"What amuses me most in fulfilling this civil mission, is to think that the *Mercure* now circulates from ten to twelve thousand copies; and that, thanks to the political editor, all the aristocracy subscribe; so that, while they get the genuflections of *MALLET DU PAN* in exchange for their money, they also get my boxes on the ear."

The untimely death of *MIRABEAU* was a heavy calamity to the French nation, and a personal misfortune to *CHAMFORT*. Had this great chieftain of the revolution survived, we believe that those false and desperate men who, under the guise of serving the cause of Liberty, sought only their own aggrandisement, and who, by their terrible excesses, have so incalculably retarded the adoption of the very principles which they professed to urge, would have been utterly repressed and subjugated under the dominating influence of his genius and irresistible will. *CHAMFORT*, too, would have been saved the fate which awaited him. The affectionate intimacy which subsisted between *CHAMFORT* and *MIRABEAU*—the great Thinker and the great Actor—was most extraordinary. No work of *MIRABEAU*'s ever came before the public until it had passed under the searching criticism of *CHAMFORT*'s correcting pen; no speech of *MIRABEAU* was ever pronounced from the tribune until *CHAMFORT* had revised and approved it. Even a report upon the Academies of France, which *MIRABEAU* had intended to present to the National Assembly as his own work, but was prevented from doing so by death, was entirely drawn up by *CHAMFORT*. "Mirabeau," says a French author, "submitted to *CHAMFORT* not only his works, but his opinions and his conduct, as if the hope or the fear of what he would think of him had become to that stormy but living soul a sort of conscience." And, in the letters he addressed to him, his language is that of a disciple who idolized his master:—"Oh! my dear and worthy *CHAMFORT*," he wrote from London, "I feel that in losing you I lose a portion of my strength—my arrows are gone from me." Every morning *MIRABEAU* would call upon him to ask his opinion, to get ideas, or, as he himself aptly expressed it, "pour frotter la tête la plus électrique du monde;" ("to elicit sparks from the most electric head in the world.")

No sooner, however, was his powerful friend dead than his numerous and now powerful enemies lost no time in revenging themselves for his caustic and unsparing sarcasms. *CHAMFORT*, at this time, held an appointment as one of the librarians of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, and pretending to act upon the calumnious information of a wretched subaltern in the library, the revolutionary chiefs caused *CHAMFORT* to be arrested in company with the venerable *BARTHELEMY*, the author of the *Voyage d'Anacharsis*, his nephew *COURCAY*, and two other gentlemen, also holding appointments in the library. For a few days they were confined in an unwholesome prison, called the *Madelonnettes*, but they were soon afterwards enlarged and put under the superintendence of a gendarme, whose orders were to watch their movements continually. One day this man abruptly told them that they were to pack up what was necessary for their immediate requirements, and to accompany him, which *CHAMFORT* at once construed into an intimation that they were to be reconsigned to their dungeon. Horrified by his experience of the *Madelonnettes*, he had sworn that he would never again be imprisoned alive, and with an intent to carry that oath into effect, he retired into his room, and made a most desperate attempt upon his life. First of all he discharged a pistol at his head, but, failing in his aim, the ball only broke the bridge of his nose and damaged his right eye. Upon this he seized a razor and attempted to cut his throat, but, his strength failing, he only succeeded in mangling himself horribly, nor was he more successful in an attempt to stab himself to the heart. Feeling that he was about to faint, he then made an effort to mangle the veins of his legs, but overcome with feebleness and agony he fell down uttering a cry. This cry was heard by the gendarme, who, seeing the blood pour out in streams from under the door, burst into the apartment and found *CHAMFORT* lying in a state too horrible to describe. He was conveyed to his bed and medical assistance obtained, but as soon as he was sufficiently recovered he called an amanuensis to his side and dictated this Roman declaration: "I, SEBASTIAN ROCHE NICHOLAS CHAMFORT, wishing to die a free man rather than be enslaved in a prison, declare that, if by violence they persist in dragging me thither, there remains to me sufficient strength to accomplish what I have commenced. I am a free man, and never shall they imprison me alive." Strange to relate, he recovered from the immediate consequences of these horrible self-inflicted injuries; but not to survive long, for on the 24th Germinal of the second year of the Republic (1794), he died of a complication of disorders, the seeds of which had been sown in early youth, but whose growth had doubtless been accelerated by his rash attempt at self-destruction. He

died, not upon a *grabat*, as a contemporary journalist harshly expressed it, but surrounded by every comfort necessary to his state which his faithful friends could supply.

Thus died *CHAMFORT*; a man of undoubted genius, but little strength of purpose. Writing of himself, he says, with somewhat of the affectation of a Frenchman: "My entire life is a series of contradictions against my principles. I love not princes; but I am strongly attached to a prince and a princess. I am celebrated for my republican opinions, and many of my most intimate friends are monarchists. I love voluntary poverty and frequent the society of the rich. I avoid honours, and many have come to me. Literature is my sole consolation; but I see little of literary men, and seldom go to the Académie. Add to this, that I believe illusions necessary to man and have not a single one; that I believe the passions to be more useful than the reason, and I know no longer what the passions are." One little circumstance will testify the amiability of his character. In spite of her low origin, and the peculiarity of his own birth, he never was ashamed of his mother. It is recorded, that he would deny himself the common necessities of life sooner than she should want for anything.

The following passages are selected from the *bon mots*, stories, and scattered fragments of his conversation which have been handed down to us:

I am no more astonished to see a man fatigued with his own glory, than I am to see one annoyed by a disturbance in his antechamber.

There are follies which have an attractive appearance, as there are fools well-dressed.

What is a Philosopher? A man who opposes Nature to Law, Reason to Custom, Conscience to Opinion, and Judgment to Error.

The Free-thinkers say that Providence is the Christian-name for Chance, but the Devotees say that Chance is but a nick-name for Providence.

In learning to know the Evils of Nature we despise Death; in learning to know those of Society we despise Life.

Life is a Malady which Sleep eases every twenty-four hours.

Society is divided into two great classes; those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

A man of sense is lost if he have not also energy of character. When one has the lantern of Demosthenes, one should also have his stick.

There are few benefactors who do not say with Satan, "If thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Take Self-love from Love, and what remains?

Love is more pleasant than Marriage for the same reason that Romances are more amusing than History.

Most modern books appear to me as if they have been made up in one day out of books read the day before.

Poets and Philosophers are like peacocks, whom men love to keep in cages and cast to them now and then a few grains of corn, to make them show their tails; whilst the cocks and the hens, the ducks, the turkeys, and the geese, are filling their crows at leisure in the court below.

To condemn Vice and pardon the vicious, is as if we were to abuse Cards and let off the Swindlers.

Celebrity is the advantage of being known to those who know you not.

I have three sorts of friends—my friends who love me—my friends who don't care about me—and my friends who hate me.

I shall never be a priest: I love repose, philosophy, honour, and true glory, too much, and I care too little for hypocrisy, honour and money.

The curate of Bray having changed his religion several times as Catholicism and Protestantism got the upper hand, his friends remonstrated with him for his inconsistency. "Inconsistent!" replied he, "on the contrary; I never wish to be anything but the curate of Bray."

When Madame du Deffand was very young and completing her education at a convent, she began to discuss religious matters rather freely among her companions. The Abbess in a state of great alarm sent for *Masillon*, to whom the pretty little disputant explained her doubts. *Masillon* listened to her with amused attention, and went away saying calmly, *Elle est charmante*; the Abbess, however, who attached great importance to the circumstance, asked the prelate what books ought to be put before the little heretic in order to allay her doubts? "Oh" said he, "une catéchisme de cinq sous."

One night the Regent wished to go to the opera-ball so disguised that nobody would recognise him. The Abbé Dubois proposed to walk behind him and kick him from time to time. In the middle of the ball the Regent found some of the kicks rather hard, and turning round he said, "Abbé, you disguise me a little too much."

During a siege a water-carrier was crying his water through the town; "Six sous a gallon! Six sous a gallon!" By-and-bye a bomb-shell carried off one of his barrels, whereupon, without changing a muscle of his face, he continued, "Twelve sous a gallon! Twelve sous a gallon!"

Mirabeau, who was a particularly ugly man, was once

accused of seduction, and when the husband brought his action, he defended himself by demanding that his portrait should be put in evidence. "Excuse me," said the opposing advocate, "but I don't see what that would prove." "Bête!" said the judge, "look at the Count's face."

(To be continued.)

ITALY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Catania, 20th October.

THE Eruption of Etna, which broke out exactly two months ago, may be classed among the most memorable in the history of that wondrous mountain and the most interesting events in Sicily apart from those far more disastrous ones which have lately appeared on the political horizon. It has brought multitudes of travellers into this island, and a lucrative harvest to the innkeepers and *ciceroni* of every town from which either the ascent is made, or nearer views of the courses of lava are attainable. Official bulletins have been published in all the journals of Sicily (at Catania still appearing several times in the week); and telegraphic despatches brought to Naples and Palermo the more important tidings, as long as danger seemed imminent to any of the towns on the slope of the mountain. Since November, 1843, this volcano had been in perfect quiescence, when, on the night of the 20th August last, the inhabitants of Catania were roused from sleep by repeated shocks of earthquake, and enormous volumes of fire were seen rising vertically from the great Crater, whose magnificent outline stands in solitary sublimity above this city to the north. Catania was then filled with guests to overflowing, for on the ensuing morning was to open the centenary festival of St. Agatha—a singular coincidence, seeing that the devotion (or superstition) of the Catanese has ascribed to this Virgin Saint, their chosen patron, the preservation of their city from a tremendous eruption and earthquake that occurred many centuries ago, I believe at the period of her festival. Large parties set off instantly, some leaving that very night on foot for Zaferana, a town of between two and three thousand inhabitants on the eastern slope of the mountain, at about five hours' journey from Catania, the finest view of the eruption being obtained thence. One party of English, including ladies, was on the mountain and about to ascend the crater at the very moment the volcanic action began to manifest itself, and I have heard the awe-striking scene described by the guide who accompanied them: they were approaching the cone of the crater towards midnight, when shocks of earthquake suddenly began to agitate the whole mountain with an undulating motion like the rolling of the sea in incipient storm, and a wind arose of such violence as to throw their horses instantly to the ground, carrying off mantles, hats, &c., before there was time for precautions, no alternative remaining for the party save to lie on their faces till this tempest had abated (which was not before nearly three hours.) They then descended, and from the forest below could first descry the flames issuing from the great crater. In a few days the eruptions of fire from this crater ceased, and several small cones were thrown up at a considerable distance lower on the eastern side, in a region about at one third the elevation of Etna, from which flowed a torrent of lava one of the most tremendous ever witnessed, with a discharge of sand and ashes that not only overspread the streets of every town on the side of the mountain exposed, but the shores of Calabria and sometimes even reached Malta. In the course of a week this lava-torrent arrived within a mile of Zaferana, and the total desolation of that town was the immediate consequence, the inhabitants only lingering to collect their moveable properties, many being already nearly ruined by the devastation of their vineyards exposed to the fiery stream. This scene of flight, a "deserted village" truly under the most terrific circumstances, has been described to me by an eye-witness as most affecting; the poor people were expecting the ruin of their houses and all they relied upon for existence, and yet, amid this confusion and terror, suffering with a resignation that evinced the genuineness of their religious principles. But in the result their homes at least were spared, the lava stopped its course, and presently broke out in a different direction, descending with seven-fold rapidity towards another village (Milo), about two miles from Zaferana, the extent of each of these fiery torrents being (without taking account of their sinuosity), about seven miles, and their mediate breadth about one mile. Both had ceased to advance towards the middle of September, the liquefied masses beginning at this epoch to consolidate, and their scorching heat subsiding into a state of superficial coolness, though smoke still issues from many points and the matter continues fiery hot below the surface. Not that the eruption now ceased, for the flow of lava continued to this day from one or more of the newly-formed cones, passing over the bed of the original stream (or I should rather say over that stream itself in its now consolidated state), so as no longer to threaten the neighbouring lands, but still presenting a sublimely terrible spectacle, and casting its lurid light over the sky, visible, by night, to all the towns on the eastern shores of Sicily, whence any part of the mountain is in view, whilst enormous volumes of smoke continually envelop this region of Etna, like a vast zone of conflagrations. From the towns more

immediately at the base, where I have stopped in travelling hither from Messina, I heard detonations so violent as to resemble the roar of approaching artillery, sometimes at intervals of only three or four minutes during the whole day; and at one of these, Giarre, (the nearest to the volcano before you commence the actual ascent, the hotel at which I slept quivered, and every window rattled at each report.) On Sunday last (the 17th), the showers of ashes fell thickly upon Catania during the evening and night, though we are here at the distance of twenty-four miles from the summit of Etna, and rather removed from that side, within whose semicircle the action of the present eruption is immediately and continually felt.

This eruption is considered by scientific men to have passed through two phases, and, on the 3rd September, to have first assumed its important character, with all the phenomena usually distinguishing those of longest duration. The elevations thrown up by it have been observed to be, one truncate, the rest acutely conic in form, and entirely to consist of pyrogenic material (scoria, ashes, and lapilli) erupted from the volcano, and heaped up without order in their stratifications. These phenomena, and the several objects of study presented by the great mountain, may be said to have created, in a principal proportion, whatever literature a city so remote from central Europe, and so little affected by the advancement of modern improvements as Catania, has yet possessed. The savans have been already actively engaged in the study of the appearances now presented by the volcano, and publications have issued, whilst others are expected, from the press, bearing names of local celebrity. Torna Cene, a Benedictine monk and Professor at this University, has published a report, drawn up elaborately, and tracing the several circumstances attending this phenomenon from the beginning; and Gemellaro (one of three brothers, all distinguished as men of science, the Professor of Geology at the University being of this family*), has been long engaged in watching the eruption, with a view to its illustration. But the most magnificently illustrated and luminous work yet brought out upon Etna is now appearing at Gottingen, the result of the joint labours of the Baron Von Waltershausen and Dr. Peters, who spent eight years in the city, entirely dedicated to the study of the mountain and the preparation of charts and views, with admeasurements, taken on scientific principles. This is to be comprised in twenty numbers (one only of which has yet appeared), each with eight engravings and accompanying descriptions of every region, every aspect, production, and phenomenon of Etna, the whole undertaking being at the expense, as the preparatory labours were under the direction, of the learned and indefatigable Waltershausen, who used, whilst here, almost to live upon the mountain, setting off, with a knapsack on his back, to make the ascent on foot at all seasons, and spending many successive nights at the scarce-furnished hut, called *Casa Inglese*, near the foot of the crater, in an atmosphere where no life can permanently exist.

I have made two ascents of this mountain, one to the brink of the actually flowing lava stream, from Giarre; the other (far more toilsome), from Catania to the summit of the great crater, which last, as including a greater variety of aspects, I thought might furnish the more interesting subject for a report to your pages.

A period of (for this season even in Sicily) uncompletely mild and dry weather induced me to accelerate my intended ascent to the actual summit, remembering the advice of Captain Smyth (see his interesting *Travels in Sicily*, one of the most recent English works relating to this country) not to put off such an expedition later than the middle of October. I therefore left Catania on horseback, on the afternoon of the 15th, for Nicolosi, a little town twelve miles distant, the last we pass through on the direct ascent from this side. The road thither continually, but very gently, ascends the activity of the mountain, and this, the "Regione abitata" of Etna, presents on all sides the most luxuriant fertility, developed by wide-spreading cultivation, and producing the most lovely pictures of rural prosperity: it is, in fact, one great garden, where scarcely a tree grows that is not fruit-bearing, the most abundant being the olive and fig, the pomegranate, the almond, the apple and plum also flourishing, and the vine occupying almost every enclosed spot of earth, often together with the olive in the same soil. The poets of antiquity might have taken suggestions for their pictures of the Elysian fields from such a country; yet, fascinating as it appears, there are few inhabitants met with save of the poorest sort, when we have left the streets of the various little towns (one of which has a gay and even wealthy appearance) that skirt the high road between Catania and Nicolosi. Scarcely a single villa answering to the English idea of a pleasant country house is to be seen; but the cottages are pretty, at least romantic, thanks to such accessories as trailing vines over low porches, beneath which you see women engaged at the distaff, and the shrines of the Madonna, with a rude fresco painting in their niche, or other representations of I know not what saints frequently displayed on the outer walls. There is a character of melancholy as one advances nearer to the volcanic regions, from the prevailing use of unknown black lava in houses and walls, and the aspect of the population becomes wilder, their costume more bizarre. It was dark when I arrived at Nicolosi,

alighted at the *locanda*, a curious establishment, like a large farm-house, entirely on the ground-floor, where one long room serves for all purposes of taking meals and sleeping (obliging attendance and moderate charges compensating, however, for inconveniences.) I had a letter for Signor Giuseppe Gemellaro, who resides here in order to dedicate himself to the study of the mountain and the work he is preparing; causing myself to be conducted to his residence, I found a middle-aged gentleman, plain in garb but very courteous in manner, ready to give every information on the subject uppermost in the mind of any visitor here, and whilst superior learning is at once distinguished in his conversation, in no way open to the charge of pedantry. He showed me the coloured drawing he had prepared for his publication, displaying the courses of the two great streams of lava, one arriving within a mile of Zaferana in seven days, the other flowing over about the same extent in twenty-four hours; also a finely engraved chart, on a large scale, which he had published some years ago, illustrating the entire range of the mountain, and all the eruptions recorded in its known history. He told me that while the lava of Vesuvius becomes, in a comparatively short period, capable of cultivation and highly productive, that of Stromboli takes about a century, and that of Etna at least two centuries before it can produce vegetation of any kind (of course understanding that no adventitious soil be superadded), this being explained by the fact that the elements prevailing in the eruptions of Etna are ferruginous—in those of Stromboli, vitreous—whilst Vesuvius throws up a greater variety of elements more in their primitive state, the less violent volcanic action not having so completely fused them as is the case of the other mountains.

I had ordered myself to be called at ten; but un-punctuality, alterations among guides, and other cross-purposes, eventually delayed my departure till about midnight, and I was disappointed at finding the night totally dark, for a short interval rainy when we started. We advanced for nearly three hours, during which the only object visible to me was the lantern carried by the guide I had engaged at Nicolosi, on his mule. Entering, then, the belt of primeval forests which surround Etna below the region of volcanic desolation and eternal sterility, we here alighted, and my attendants (one of the party was also the muleteer who had accompanied me from Catania) lighted a fire of dried branches under an oak tree, which crackled most brilliantly, indeed, consolingly, for I now began to feel the chill of a different atmosphere, and a very strong north-east wind had just arisen—or, rather, we were entering the region where severe winds are almost perpetual. Around us the darkness was only dispelled by the fires of charcoal-burners, who are occupied day and night in these forests during the milder seasons; the barking of their dogs as we passed, and occasionally the cry of an owl, were the only sounds that disturbed the silence; for we had already left all human habitations distant, and there was something of wild melancholy in the scene as I looked from the blazing fire upon the uncouth, strangely-clad figures of my guides, and out into the gloomy forests beyond. After some refreshment we remounted, and presently leaving the woody region (*Regione Sylva*) entered a rugged path over lava, the interminable windings and sharp inequalities of which might have seemed impervious to mounted travellers; but nothing can baffle the readiness and experience of the guides upon Etna; the ascent is, in fact, for at least one half its way, a labyrinth of scarcely perceptible mule-tracks, bounded by, or crossing over rugged accumulations of lava, and sometimes passing along the verge of volcanic fissures, which one might suppose no capacities of memory sufficient to render familiar; and yet even in a dark night these men proceed with perfect confidence unerringly! The sky had by this time cleared, the stars shone upon us, and it seemed to me that in these lofty regions their splendour was almost preternatural; a faint light, the herald of dawn, was enabling us to distinguish more distant objects, when over a steep ridge, far to the east, I discerned a broad lurid semicircle of fire, surmounted by a stupendous mass of coal-black smoke, that appeared to rise a solid body in the atmosphere, motionless as the crags beyond which it unfolded its huge volume. This was produced by the eruption from the newly-formed cone which lay far below on the other side of the mountain (to the right of our pathway), a mysterious and awe-striking appearance, which the imagination might have construed as the necromantic fires of some wizard orgies, or the sacrificial ones of a saquinian Druidic idolatry. We were ascending by a winding path of increasing steepness, towards a height so elevated that I had supposed it the actual summit of the volcano; but it was only what is locally called the *Montagnano* (little mountain), properly to be described as a chain of stern lava-blackened heights that form, as it were, the steps of ascent to a wide plain of ashes and sand, not level, but inclining gradually, in a succession of *plateaus*, towards the foot of the crater. When we had reached the ridge, where a vale was formed between two of the steepest acclivities, all the intensity of the cold which in this region is said to be, during a great part of the year, that of the Frozen Zone, received us within its pitiless dominions, and no experience of mine in any place I have visited between the Highlands of Scotland and the Apennines, had acquainted me with anything like this—a cold that seemed borne to us by the breath of a wind so powerful

that it was painful to our mules to advance against it (as apparent in the efforts of the animals to take a different direction.) I had one of the ponderous Sicilian *capottos* (a long over-all of black sheepskin), with the hood over my head, and an ample woollen shawl under it, enveloping half the person, yet this proved powerless to protect against the assaults (as they might be called) of the keen enemy. Every now and then I was obliged to alight and walk, to prevent the feet from congealing, and, when alighted, the effort of moving against such a wind presently rendered me totally breathless and helpless. During the whole progress we had, to our right, the enormous column (or rather pyramid) of smoke rising from the new crater; and we gradually approached the ridge, from which one looks immediately down the eastern side of Etna, much steeper than the southern, where the ascent is almost exclusively made by parties desiring to reach the very summit. To my disappointment no flame was visible, for the sun had just risen; but that stupendous pile of smoke was an object scarcely less marvellous or incomparably grand than any other volcanic appearance could possibly be: it rose from an incalculable depth below our feet to a height far above our heads, only moving in its lower masses when beautifully and variously tinted clouds were slowly coiling upwards, in relief against the darker surface, till absorbed in the heavy, motionless volume above, which the state of the atmosphere prevented from rising higher or dispersing itself. The rising sun was (to us) immediately behind the smoke pyramid, and a bright rosy border, like a halo, was imparted to its extremest verge. We had deviated from our direct path to observe this sublime spectacle, and now returning to the left, proceeded up an easy but very long slope of ashes towards the valley called the *Piano del Lago* (from a lake, now filled up by lava, which had once been found here), this being an ancient crater, three miles in diameter.

The scene presented here is the most desolately, mournfully grand the imagination can conceive. We were, though continually ascending, in a valley bounded by precipitous blackened heights, all with the aspect of craters, of sharp and horrid outlines, no description of verdure being in sight save a little hardy weed (resembling lichen), that grows scantily in the ashy soil; no birds or insects, not even the cicada (so universally found in these climes), can exist at this height; and not a sound was to be heard save the roar of the wind, and, at intervals, a deep thunder-toned detonation from the volcano below us. On the summit of the semicircular slope of iron grey sand before us, was descried the little rudely-constructed house of refuge, and beyond rose, in dread sovereignty over all Sicily, the Great Crater, steepest of all ascents, whose sides were whitened with sulphuric and nitrous particles that, from a distance, might be taken for large flakes of snow. Clouds of slowly coiling white steam rose from the summit, and in the upper part, from the outer crust of the crater; but, with the exception of these details, the sole colouring of this wild, terror-inspiring landscape was ferruginous black and ashy grey—it reminded me of the impression of dreadful solitude, described by Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner":

So lonely 'twas, that God Himself
Scarce seemed there to be!

[To be continued.]

BELGRAVIA AND ITS LIBRARY.—On passing St. George's Hospital, the attention is at once attracted to the commanding row of mansions devoted to business purposes immediately fronting Hyde-park in the most prominent of which, will be found the extensive and well-selected stock of Mr. Westerton, who has here collected a large and valuable library embracing the newest and best works in English and Foreign Literature, the proprietor having adopted a liberal scale of subscription the library will be found of great advantage to the denizens of this highly aristocratic neighbourhood, and cannot fail to insure for Mr. Westerton a well-merited success. Here, also, may be had every variety of ornamental stationery, as also Church services, bibles, prayer-books, and other elegant works, suitable for presentation, and all works published in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition in Hyde-park.—*London as it is To-day*, page 427.

STALE BREAD.—The Academy of Sciences of Paris discussed, the other day, the grave yet apparently simple question why bread becomes stale. M. Boussingault laid down that staleness is not, as is generally supposed, caused by the proportion of water diminishing; but arises from a molecular state which manifests itself during the cooling, becomes afterwards developed, and persists as long as the temperature does not exceed a certain limit. M. Thenard said, that it is caused by bread being a hydrate which heat softens, and to which a lower temperature gives more consistency.

The Craig telescope, lately erected at Wandsworth common, of two feet aperture and eighty feet focal length, was brought to bear upon the planet Saturn on the first favourable evening after its erection; and the instant result has proved that the satellite has a third ring. The telescope has brought out this third ring beautifully. It is of a bright slate colour; and one of the Fellows of the Royal Society is preparing a regular drawing, made to a scale, of the planet Saturn, exhibiting it with its rings, as now palpably defined through the noble telescope.

* This Professor is also preparing an analytic narrative of the present eruption.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Two or three works of a popular kind have recently issued from the medical press. Dr. COOKE has published *A Commentary of Medical and Moral Life; or, Mind and the Emotions Considered in Relation to Health, Disease, and Religion*. This work traverses many highly interesting subjects, and there is a practical and business-like bearing about the whole which commends it not only to the religious class, but to men of the world; for, in the concluding chapter, the influence of Mental and Moral Emotions, and of temperament in modifying or qualifying the morbid tendencies of the system, as well as the influence of mental agency in the relief or cure of disease, are all considered as affecting the duration of life, and the conditions of life assurance.

The Young Wife's Guide during Pregnancy and Child-birth, and in the Management of her Infant, by Dr. HENRY DAVIES, notwithstanding its somewhat homely title, is a really valuable, and we think, much needed work. Its precepts, at all events, are sound, and delivered with all the gravity and delicacy due to the subject. The last generation of mothers were wont to consult ignorant and prejudiced nurses, on those matters (often affecting health and life) which are here treated of by an eminent and experienced accoucheur. The next generation will be directed by medical advice, for the book will certainly be consulted by every newly married lady.

The *Edinburgh Review* for October contains an elaborate article upon *Cholera and Quarantine*. It is a review of two Reports of the General Board of Health, one on the Epidemic Cholera of 1848 and 1842; the other on Quarantine, 1849. The writer adopts the views of the Board, and takes, as we think, a one-sided view of the question. Still the facts adduced are very strong as against contagion, and as showing the absolute inefficiency of quarantining in arresting the course of cholera. It is argued that, in 1848, when the cholera was raging at Hamburg, notwithstanding that all ships, British and foreign, coming from Hamburg or other suspected ports, were placed in quarantine, the disease, nevertheless, made its appearance in different parts of the United Kingdom, returning to the same cities, towns, and streets, and even the same houses and rooms, which it ravaged in 1832;—that of these localities very few escaped, except those in which sanitary improvements had been, in the mean time, effected;—that this could not be the effect of accident, because it had been predicted, as a general occurrence, by the Board of Health; and because, in numerous instances, medical officers had pointed out before its return the particular courts and houses on which it would seize; because, wherever typhus and other endemic diseases had been previously frequent and fatal, either in London or the country, there it was predicted would be the chosen seat of cholera; and because so it proved in instances far too numerous to be merely fortuitous. Indeed, the Board of Health warned the local authorities, before the appearance of the disease in this country, that the seats of the approaching pestilence would be the usual haunts of other epidemics. The Appendix (C.) to the Report on Epidemic Cholera, which gives the history of the cholera as it prevailed in the United States in 1849 and 1850, presents a view of the endemic character of the disease so curiously coincident with its European history, that, whether it be contagious or not, it is quite clear that it has broken out in many localities where its communication by contagion could not on any hypothesis be explained, and in others where it was clearly impossible,—that it has always chosen the haunts of uncleanness, the dwellings of the poor, the crowded alley or court, the damp or underground habitation, the miasmatic district, the close, unventilated room, the feeble or intemperate subject, in preference to the well drained, well ventilated, well provided dwelling, the open, airy, elevated spot, and the temperate and healthy and well-fed individual. This is all that need be known of the habits of the enemy to enable us to prepare for its approach; but it is certain we shall not be prepared. No adequate defence has as yet been attempted. In the metropolis, the *Board of Health* has neither power nor influence, and no other public body appears to be disposed to stir.

Mr. ANCELL has published a most valuable treatise on *Tuberculosis*, the Constitutional Origin of Consumption and Scrofula. Longman and Co. 1852.—This is an attempt to demonstrate by microscopical and chemical investigations, the blood origin of that condition of the system which gives rise to scrofula and pulmonary consumption. Organic chemistry, like its sister science, histology, is yet in the very earliest stage of infancy, and theories, founded alone upon observations made by these newly-discovered means of analysis, must be more or less open to doubt. Still, there is everything but certainty in the conclusions to which

their experiments have conducted so able and diligent an observer as Mr. ANCELL. If future researches should confirm his views, he will be entitled to the credit of an important discovery; for, should it prove that phthisis originates in a depraved condition of the blood, which may be discovered by an examination of that fluid, means of prevention may probably be found within our reach.

II. MEDICAL SOCIETIES.

The Medical Societies have commenced their respective sessions. The committee appointed by the *Epidemiological Society* to investigate the present condition of vaccination in reference to its protective power, have issued some thousands of printed copies of questions, addressed to British and foreign practitioners of medicine, on this important subject, from whom 1,500 replies have already been received. At the *Pathological Society*, Dr. BRISTOWE presented specimens, illustrative of the co-existence in the lungs, of cancer and military tubercle.

III. GLEANINGS AND CHIT-CHAT.

Dr. MARSHALL HALL proposes a new method of performing the operation of tracheotomy, by which the interruption occasioned by bleeding vessels is to be avoided. The instrument used for this purpose, which he calls the Tracheotome, may be seen at WEISS's, in the Strand.—M. BOECK, Professor at the Faculty of Medicine of Christiania, has observed a new development of the acarus scabiei in a girl of fifteen, in whom thick crusts in the palms, fingers, gluteal and dorsal regions, were found by M. CAZENAVE, when examined with the microscope, to be composed of entire acari, fragments of the insect, eggs, &c.—A gross attempt has recently been made by two of the governors of the Bradford Infirmary to introduce two homeopathic surgeons to the staff of that institution. The attempt was a failure; but the governors of these charities should be vigilant lest such abuses creep in. Our hospitals and infirmaries are intended to benefit the poor, not to mock them.—JOHN TERRETT, Esq., of Tewkesbury, bequeathed the following legacies, viz.:—To the Birmingham Blind Asylum, 500*l.*; to the Medical Benevolent Fund, 500*l.*; to the Birmingham Deaf and Dumb Institution, 500*l.*; to the Gloucester Infirmary, 1,000*l.*—The fatal occurrence at the Zoological Gardens has excited much attention in the medical journals, and, much as it is to be regretted, may possibly lead to the discovery of some antidote to the virulent poison of the cobra.—The land appropriated at Epsom for the building of the *Medical Benevolent College* has been conveyed to the trustees, and will immediately be fenced in, preparatory to the erection of the establishment.—The Cholera is raging frightfully in California, and the Smallpox is very fatal among the Indians. The Yellow Fever is still ravaging Barbadoes, and many of the Creoles and coloured population have fallen victims to it. Deputy-Assistant Commissary NEAL died on the 4th of October; and his wife, four children, and servant, within four days perished from this awful scourge.

The Medical Reform Bill, as proposed by the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, has been revised and amended by a committee appointed by that body, at its recent anniversary meeting, at Oxford. The amended draft appears in *The Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal* (Nov. 18th.) The main provisions of the bill are—uniformity of medical education and qualification, and the authoritative registration of licensed practitioners. Among other statutes which it repeals is the *Apothecaries' Act* of 1815, which is acknowledged on all hands to have done more towards raising the standard of medical education, and supplying the public with well informed and competent practitioners, than either the College of Physicians or of Surgeons. The very anomalies and inconsistencies of this much-abused act appear to have secured, strange to say, its remarkably excellent working. The Society of Apothecaries (generally mistaken by the public for a trading body, which they are not), have had to work against contumely, ridicule, and insult, and, by consistency, fidelity, and perseverance, they have won the respect and applause of the very colleges which scorned them. There was no other way of maintaining their position. Examiners, chosen from the more dignified grades, however high may be their attainments, will not be sustained by motives so pressing, and there is less security for their efficiency. The Legislature appears alive to this, and although there are many good points in this bill, we do not expect it will ever become law.

The late Mr. THOMAS CROFT, of Gravesend, has left 400*l.*, and the late Mr. Hunt, of Boxley, 10*l.*, to the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital.

The editor of *The Homeopathic Record* is so much at a loss for literary matter, that nearly half the November number is taken up with an article which appeared in *The Journal of Health and Disease*, about five years ago, by Dr. Epps, charging Mr. HUNT, a writer in *The Lancet*, with successful homeopathic practice, unknown to himself! The number also contains a grave account of the homeopathic treatment of—*A FIG!*

The philosophy of some of the vascular sounds, on which we are now placing so much confidence in diagnosis, is undergoing a rigid scrutiny in Paris. At a late meeting of the *Société Médicale des Hôpitaux*, M. BARTH communicated the results of some experiments, from which he infers that the sounds in the heart and vessels do not depend upon the shock upon the auricular walls, so much as upon the friction of the fluid against the rings of the orifices.

Dr. THOMAS PHILIP THOMPSON recently read a paper at the Medical Society of London, on the relation between *Hysteria* and *Phthisis*, in which he proved that hysteria might present many of the signs of phthisis when the lungs are sound; that it might also be complicated with the symptoms of incipient phthisis, but that there appeared to be an antagonizing influence between the two diseases, the one being apparently kept at bay by the other; so that when phthisis is advanced to its more full development, the hysterical symptoms disappeared; and, on the other hand, when these prevailed in a marked degree, the progress of the tubercular disease appeared, for a time at least, to be arrested.

The fatal attack under which the Great Duke closed his career of glory, and the method by which the symptoms were combated, has been the subject of free and critical discussion in one or two of the medical journals. This betrays, to say the least, very bad taste; and every sensible, right-feeling person must be more or less pained and disgusted by such impudent and heartless remarks. That such an advanced age should have been attained by a frame which had endured so much had long become almost a miracle. The thread of life so attenuated would naturally be snapped asunder by the slightest shock, and, under such circumstances, he is the best physician who uses soothsaying measures, in preference to those which might prove fatal by their "heroic" violence; and nothing can exceed the presumption of those medical dictators who imagine that they, at a distance from the illustrious patient, could form a better judgment of what was proper to be done than the highly respectable and most competent practitioners who witnessed the extinction of the spark of life before any means could be attempted which the symptoms might seem to indicate as likely to be useful.

Dr. CHUCKERBATTY, a native of India, and a Graduate of the London University, and Assistant-Physician to the Medical College Hospital at Calcutta, has communicated (in the pages of the *Medical Times and Gazette*), "a singular case of epilepsy, ending in intermittent spasms of the muscles of the left calf, and cured, after the duration of ten years, by the application of ice." The author is said to be the first native of India who has contributed to the progress of medical science.

At a recent meeting of the Brighton and Sussex Medico-Chirurgical Society, Mr. HINGESTON read a disquisition "on Varicose Veins and the Venous Diathesis, in which he traced this condition of the veins, not so much to a mechanical cause, as to constitutional debility and indolence. The subjects of it are described as "fond of retirement and repose, and disposed to obesity in health, and dropsy in disease. The vigour of life being depressed, contemplation is sought for instead of activity; and congestion of the chief organs supervenes instead of disorganization." For this condition which originates the varicose tumefaction of the veins which appears in an exaggerated form in the lower extremities, there is neither cure nor prevention.

The Medical Practitioners of Wakefield and its vicinity, have presented to the House of Commons a memorial on the subject of the remuneration of medical witnesses at assizes and sessions, the fees having lately been reduced from two guineas to one guinea *per diem*.

In a number of *The Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal* recently published, a case is recorded by Mr. MANN, of Manchester, of a female with three breasts. The young lady who is the subject of this *lusus naturae*, was confined several months ago, and a day or two afterwards called Mr. MANN's attention to the circumstance. "I found," he writes, "besides the two ordinary mammae, a third, with clearly developed glandular structure and distinct nipple, with darkened areola. On elongating the nipple, milk of the same consistency and colour as from the other breasts, flowed from the lacteal vessels." Remarkable as this case is, it is by no means unique. Cases have occurred in which not only three but four well developed mammae, have existed in the human female.

SCIENCE AND ITS LITERATURE.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.
MICROSCOPY.

OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.—In the first number of a new scientific periodical, *The Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, amongst some valuable and elaborate Memoirs, both British and Foreign, there occurs one by Mr. Shadbolt, containing

several capital hints to those Microscopists who, not content with the specimens their cabinets may afford, enjoy the excitement and delight of seeking out these wonderful minute organisms in their local places and habitations, and carefully bringing their tiny captives home with them for subsequent leisurely examination and study. In the present day, when improved constructions of the Microscope and the numbers of observers, either with scientific aims or for the sake of a pleasing recreation, fairly keep pace with each other, a few of the most important of these hints may be acceptable to many who are attached to this pursuit. The localities indicated by Mr. Shadbolt are all in the vicinage of London, but similar spots in any part of the kingdom will yield, if not the same, yet a variety of objects which will well repay the hunter's toil. Rivers, brooks, springs, ponds, marshes, ditches and rocks on the sea-coast, are the places where Alge and various other objects mostly abound, and for the search a fishing dress with waterproof boots is the thing for comfort; but instead of rod, book of flies, reel and landing-net, the Microscopist's outfit is a dozen or two of glass tubes, of about half an inch in diameter and one to two inches long, to hold the specimens when secured; two or three small wide-mouthed bottles; a spoon; some bits of calico of two to three inches square; a few slips of glass with ground edges (such as are used for mounting objects), a tin box, some string, and lastly, a good hand magnifier, such as two Coddington lenses mounted in a half-inch frame, and one-tenth inch focal power,—an equipment neither costly nor burdensome. A steamboat or the railway will take the Londoner to Northfleet, whence he must make his way to Swanscombe Salt Marsh, which, of course, lies near the river. There is a road over this marsh leading to Broad Ness Beacon, and in that ditch on the road side, which is filled with a black thin mud, small glistening patches of a brilliant brown colour will be seen; a slip of glass is to be carefully passed under this brown substance, to collect a portion, and on examination by the lenses, it will probably prove to consist of some variety of *Pleurosigma*. The spoon now comes into play for skimming some of this brown stratum off, taking care not to disturb the mud, and it may then be placed in one of the little tubes for future examination. On the surface of the water of the other ditch, a dark olive coloured floating mass is likely to be found, this is *Cyclotella Menighiniana*, and some *Suriarella* embedded in a mass of *Spirulina Hutchinsiae*. Other masses of floating weed, differing in touch and aspect, will yield other objects, to detect which the lens is brought into frequent requisition. Down by the sea-wall, *Navicula*, &c. are to be met with, and indeed, the observer visiting this marsh, especially during April, May, September and October, may be certain of returning laden with spoil. A marsh near Higham, a little further down the same line, is also recommended as a favourable locality. There is also a famous bog near Keston, beyond Bromley, in Kent, which yields various species of *Desmidies* in abundance. At Tunbridge Wells, near a house called Fisher's Castle, is another prolific bog. Near Esher there is a good one at a spot called West End. The West India Docks, the Serpentine, the Ornamental water in St. James's Park, the fountains in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, Epping Forest near Leytonstone, Snaresbrook, Wanstead, &c., and Hampstead Heath abound in objects which a little practice and observation will readily enable a microscopist to detect and secure. The new Journal whence these hints are taken, includes the Transactions of the Microscopical Society of London, and is to be published in the same months as the other Quartiers. By the student of any of the Natural Sciences, to whom the Microscope is now indispensable, such a journal has long been a want, and the number before me leaves little to be desired in completeness and accuracy. The Original Communications and Transactions of the Society are the productions of some of the best known microscopists in the kingdom; the Abstracts of Foreign papers and the Reviews are evidence of a thorough acquaintance with the subjects in hand; nor should the delicacy of the engravings, in future to be coloured, and the excellence of its paper and print, as unusual as desirable in a Scientific Journal, be passed over without a word of commendation. This *Journal of Microscopical Science* is very creditable to all concerned in its production, and if the present standard of excellence be maintained in future numbers, it will deserve, and I should hope, obtain the support of the numerous students of Nature in this country, to whom the microscope is at once a source both of instruction and enjoyment.

PHYSICS.

THE SOURCES AVAILABLE TO MAN FOR THE PRODUCTION OF MECHANICAL EFFECT.—This subject has lately attracted the attention of Professor W. THOMSON, who has analysed and arranged, under specific heads, all the means at our disposal of obtaining mechanical action. These sources are as follows: our own muscular exertion, that of the lower animals directed by us, the use of natural heat, the gravitation of masses of matter towards a lower level, as a stone rolling down a mountain side, or a car down an inclined plane, the force derivable from water and air in motion; and the adaptation of the heating and electrical effects of chemical action; so that all the mechanical force brought into action by man, whether it be evidenced in picking up a straw, or with Titanic power bringing the sea

with a vast iron viaduct in one continuous length of more than one-third of a mile, in driving a punch as big as a man's hat through a mass of iron nearly half a foot in thickness, as readily as if it were but so much dough; rending mountains, filling valleys, draining lakes, soaring in air, stemming the wave, putting a girdle round the earth, or sinking deep in its bowels, by the "apprehension" of him who is made in the image of his Maker, this force, however derived, will be found to originate in one or the other of the following sources:

- I. The food of Animals.
- II. Solar and Terrestrial Heat.
- III. Solid matter in elevated positions.
- IV. The natural motions of Water and of Air.
- V. Natural combustibles, such as wood and coal, and all allied substances, native metals, &c.
- VI. Artificial combustibles, such as hydrogen, phosphorus, metals, and oxidizable substances procured by art.

The known facts of natural history and of science, when considered with reference to the sources of all the mechanical effects therewith associated, lead to the following general conclusions:—First, that the principal source of mechanical effect available by man, is the heat radiated from the Sun, sunlight being included in this term. From solar heat we originally derive the whole of the mechanical force obtained from the muscular labour of men and beasts; from water-mills, steam-engines, galvanic engines, a portion of that applied in windmills and sailing-vessels when not in the course of the trade-winds. The second source is, the motions of the earth and the moon around the sun, and their mutual attractions. Thus, from the rotation of the earth chiefly, but in part from them all, we obtain the mechanical effect applied to tidal water-wheels, and flood-gates, whilst the force exerted by the trade-winds, so serviceable to the mariner, is to be chiefly attributed to the same source. Thirdly, we must include in this division the force derived exclusively from the earth, or being of meteoric origin, which latter form has, however, never yet been applied by mankind. The terrestrial sources are masses of matter in elevated positions, such as boulder stones on mountain crests, which, as at the heart-stirring fight of Morgarten, have been so often and so fatally used by mountaineers against their foes; thermal springs, and the combustion of sulphur, and all native inorganic combustibles. All these sources, however, are inconsiderable indeed, when compared to that derived from the first, the Solar Heat, which is the vivifying and producing agent of all food and fuel, the immediate agents made use of to produce the countless effects of mechanical force called into action and applied by man, whether he be a Samson or a Napoleon—a Cheops or a Robert Stephenson. Connected with this subject, Professor Thomson has, in a mathematical paper, examined the universal tendency in nature to dissipate mechanical energy, respecting which, analysis has conducted him to some rather startling conclusions, in that the termination of the existence of man on this earth, is predictable from the deductions of science alone. The step by which this proof is attained we may neglect, and content ourselves with the opinion enunciated by this philosopher, who holds that this tendency to the expenditure of mechanical energy obtains throughout the material world, and that any restoration of this force, equivalent to the amount dissipated, does not take place. And again, that as this earth has been—in times past, it is true, but yet within a finite period of time—unfit for the habitation of man, so, in time to come—long deferred it may be, but still equally within a finite period of time—the earth must again become unfit for the habitation of man, as he is at present constituted, unless some operations of nature have been, or shall be hereafter, brought into play, which are at present impossible, consistently with the maintenance of the known laws to which the material world is now subject, and by which all known phenomena are regulated. This problem has also elicited some remarks from Mr. W. I. M. Rankine, with respect to the possibility of the re-concentration of the mechanical energy of the Universe, who points to the growing belief and gradually accumulating proofs that all forms of active force, whatever, whether heat, light, electricity, motion at sensible distances, chemical action, &c., are all mutually convertible into each other. He further holds, that the total amount of this physical energy existent in the Universe, is unsusceptible of change; the observed phenomena consequent upon a portion of it being brought into action, being simply the accompaniment of its change either of condition or position, by conversion from one form of force into another, or by transference from one to a second portion of matter. Then, observing that Professor W. Thomson has shown that, under the existing state of the world, the preponderating tendency is to the conversion of all kinds of physical agency into heat, and to the dissipation of this last, so that all the phenomena of creation save stellar motion, must cease, Mr. Rankine strives to show, that all heat must ultimately assume the radiant form, and that, if there be any bounds to the medium which surrounds the stars, by which the radiant heat is transmitted, whilst beyond these bounds is the domain of empty space, then at this boundary of material creation the radiant heat will be entirely reflected, none whatever passing beyond it. Pursuing this argument, he maintains that this reflected heat must again be gathered into foci, upon one of which supposing an extinct star to impinge, it will be resolved into its elements, and the

sources of physical energy being thus reproduced and imparted to the star, it may again run its course, and be the seat of numerous phenomena, similar in source, although, perhaps, different in development, to those exhibited in its primeval state. On these grounds, this writer maintains the possibility of the existing world being endowed with the means of re-concentrating its physical energies, and of renewing its activity and life; and, moreover, suggests that some of the luminous objects which we see in space, unresolvable by the tremendous telescopic power now brought to bear upon them, may be, not stars, but those heat-foci shining in the interstellar ether. The view taken by Mr. Rankine of this vast subject, is, to my mind, more characteristic of the poetical than of the philosophical temperament, which latter is evidenced in the stern prediction of the Professor, that the Universe, if merely left to the operation of the laws which now govern it, must, as it were, wear itself out, and all natural phenomena cease, save only stellar motion.

NEWSPAPER SCIENCE.

PSEUDO-SCIENCE.—There is some apology due to the reader for the use of this term as descriptive of nonsense masquerading in the wizard of knowledge; but our English tongue abounds not in nice distinctions. I have at times thought of humbly imitating a former custom of Lord Lyndhurst at the close of the session of Parliament, in respect to the affairs of the nation, and of gathering together the absurdities and hoaxes, palmed upon, adopted and published by journals and other periodicals, whose standing and pretensions should render them most scrupulous in giving currency to that pretence to knowledge, far worse than ignorance, we too frequently meet with in their columns, especially when these sillinesses "touch life," and of serving them up at the commencement of the parliamentary season, these marvels abounding during the recess, and becoming suddenly scarce when the House meets. The mischief done by this dissemination of error is really great; for the weakness of believing what we see in print, unless known to be erroneous, is very general, and to have seen it in "the paper," is sufficient with many to excite a degree of faith seldom displayed in more worthy directions. This practice of adopting every Tale of a Tub a wiseacre may send, or which may be caught in some provincial newspaper, is an evidence of the total want of acquaintance with science in its most rudimentary form, by the otherwise usually highly educated men, employed in the various leading departments of the press. Now I will take *The Times*, as an instance of the absence of proper supervision before inserting statements, which, almost on the face of them, bear the mark of absurdity, and a worse offender could not be selected, for it must have ample knowledge at its command to prevent its becoming the channel of ideas, and alleged facts which are as absurd as untrue. During the last week of October, an entire column of that journal was devoted to a communication from a credulous disciple, couched in a most authoritative style, and based on some reported experiments of a Dr. Hering, of Philadelphia, who, it seems, cherishes a nest, not of adders, but of their far more deadly congeners, the Cobra, Rattle-snake and *Crotalus*, and indulges in the odd amusement of being bitten by them and curing himself afterwards; truly, there is no accounting for tastes, yet I imagine even an enthusiastic toxicologist would be more apt to applaud and practice the wisdom of Esop's husbandman, than that of this Germano-American doctor. The *dicta* which this practitioner seems chiefly to rely on, as being always at hand, is "a lighted cigar," the radiant heat emitted by which is his chief specific against the cobra poison; a remedy which brings to my mind the broom opposed by the energetic Mrs. Partington to the advancing waves of the Atlantic. Besides his cigar, this Philadelphian Mithridates, humbly following the example of his kingly prototype, prescribes this strange medley of antidotes:—oil, fat, soap, salt, tobacco-juice, tobacco-ashes (this tobacco is evidently "the sovereign's thing on earth"), gunpowder, garlic, spittle, wine, brandy, arsenic, belladonna, ash-root poultices, ash-root tea (and an ash-stick applied *à tergo* say I), seneca (seneca?) root, phosphoric acid, mercury, wood-ashes, &c., a list which makes one sigh for the return of the simple practice of two centuries since, when learned physicians held with unswerving faith "neither is there any better remedy under the sun for their bitings than the head of the viper that bit you, bruised and applied to the place, and the flesh eaten." Now all this would be capital fooling were not grave matters at stake. The unhappy man, Girling has paid the penalty of his foolhardiness with his life, and it is but too probable that the utmost resources of medical skill would have been exhausted in vain; and even the sensible suggestion of employing *eau-de-luce*, one of the most rapidly diffusible and momentarily powerful of stimulants, let alone Dr. Hering with his cigar and Dulcamara box of antidotes, would each and all have proved equally useless in the presence of this fearful cobra poison, and thus far no great harm may have been done by the publication of such twaddle; but deadly mischief may hereafter ensue, should such assertions as I have noticed gain a hold on the public mind by their universal circulation, and the very slight chance of life, slight indeed, which medical science might afford, be recklessly flung away by a *Times*-reading and believing bystander, should such an occasion recur, lighting a cigar and proceeding *secundum Dr. Hering* and the *Leading Journal*. Four days after the

insertion of this—is advertisement the right term?—the same newspaper details a truly “extraordinary accident,” by which an official of the king of Norway met his death from a carboy of Sulphuric Acid being broken during a violent storm, the liquid trickling through the planks and two blankets, till it reached the abdomen of this unfortunate gentleman, who seems, however, to have taken the matter very quietly, neither tempest nor oil of vitriol disturbing his rest,—until the morning, when “his servant found the lower part of his bowels entirely eaten away.” Again, not long since there was an account of a Meteorite having fallen, I think at Wisbeach, which was asserted to be “martial pyrites;” and were the file of that and other journals for the last few months to be hunted up, this list might be almost indefinitely extended, but the rubbish we have been considering is ample proof that there is a total want of that competent super-vision in the management of this department of *The Times*, which after all, is as little open to censure as any of its fellows; all I argue for being, that it is incumbent on those who exercise a vast amount of influence on the public mind, to carefully avoid lending the weight of their authority, and affording an extensive circulation to statements, which even a slight acquaintance with the natural sciences would at once detect as being either erroneous, absurd or altogether false; and not to make themselves parties to the propagandism of that worst quality of ignorance, because the most difficult to eradicate, the presumption of false knowledge.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

In our article of last month, we referred to the reconstruction of the *Crystal Palace* at Sydenham, as exhibiting the repetition of what we always considered a great defect in Sir Joseph Paxton's design, viz., the fragile appearance of the outer angles, in their being simply formed by the ordinary single iron standard. This is also practised with uninventive imitation in the *Industrial Exhibition Building* now erecting at Dublin, a view of which is given in *The Illustrated London News* for October 23, 1852, and of which a plan and elevation are afforded in *The Builder*, vol. x. p. 593. On the same page of *The Illustrated London News*, is represented a view of the *Building for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations at New York*; and we must, in candour, admit, that although the American structure does not afford accommodation for more than “about one-fifth or one-sixth” (we take the English newspapers' statement), of that which was afforded by the Hyde-park building, the design of the trans-atlantic architects, Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemeister, is very far superior, as a work of *art*, to Paxton's great conservatory. The New York edifice (if its constructive merits be unquestioned), will be a piece of ARCHITECTURE,—which is more than can be said, with unqualified truth, of the London edifice; and we only hope it is not too late for the Sydenham proprietors to emulate, if not to imitate, the artistic feeling exhibited in the American design. Granted, the latter owns Paxton's building as its parent; but we do not agree with the English editor in thinking that the writer in *The New York Journal* is guilty of “an idle boast,” when he simply says “the directors have been fortunate in selecting a plan from this side of the water, and in not going to England for one.” If it shall appear, that the plan selected be inferior to those especially provided and submitted in competition by Sir Joseph Paxton and others, then indeed we shall have more to reprove than “an idle boast;” but the mere fact of Messrs. Carstensen and Gildemeister having “had their eye on the *Crystal Palace* in Hyde-park,” amounts to nothing more than a most legitimate use of their observation, while the result of that observation is such as to show their ability to improve on the parent model. It was, indeed, to be expected that they would do so; and Sir Joseph is none the less Sir Joseph because they have so done. We cannot with equal assurance compliment the Dublin architect, Mr. Benson; though it is by no means intended to question the selection of his design in respect to its superiority over the other competing designs, or in reference to its individual merits.

The New York Design is unquestionably a most beautiful thing; majestic in its masses and outline, and elegant in its details. Its architects have “had their eye” not only on the Paxton building, but also on the Mahomedan domed and minareted mosque; and the application of the minarets, to the eight outer angles, is a most happy and effective fulfilment of the idea we anticipated, in speaking of the fragile and common-place character of the angle finish in the Hyde-park building. In the American structure we have the buttress-substance required; and the entire mass gathers from it a pervading sentiment of stability. There is “nothing new” in surmounting a Greek cross with a dome, nor in fortifying angles with minarets; but there was nothing so positively “new” in Michael Angelo's St. Peter's; seeing that the same thing, in essence, had been already done in St. Sophia's, at Constantinople. It is enough that, in the forms and decorations of the dome, the clerestories, the porches, and the minarets, there is the most “approved architectural effect;” and we

should be sorry, indeed, that our son Jonathan might have any reason for doubting the candour and justice of his mother country. In *The Builder*, vol. x. p. 674, is a plan of the edifice under notice, showing how its octagonal outline resolves itself into the cruciform disposition and central domed finish of the superstructure.

We have now to speak of a piece of architecture, which, for well directed skill, strict adaptation to purpose, and emphatically truthful expression deserves the highest eulogy. That the Railroad should not, ere this, have asserted itself in the appropriate character of its buildings, has been a matter of no less surprise than regret. The opportunity they afford for masculine simplicity and for striking effect (as distinct from the beauty of rich and multifarious detail, or from those charms which address *contemplative* criticism), is one which has been strangely lost sight of; and it has appeared to us remarkable that the engineer, with his grandiose habits of thought should have continued so dependent on the Greek, Roman, Gothic and Elizabethan Architect for the forms and ornamentation of his structures. It is, therefore, with infinite pleasure that we can at length refer to a Railroad Terminus, in which mere classicism and mediævalism have been put aside, to make free way for original and appropriate invention,—or, rather for an honest resultant form and a truthful manner, which show an equal contempt for affected novelty and subservient imitation. The building to which we are about to refer, may be, in a general sense, called Roman, because the arch is largely employed; but this grand feature has been in this instance employed because no better need be attempted. We beg our readers to look at *The Illustrated London News*, for October 23, 1852, where they will observe a view of the *King's Cross Terminus of the Great Northern Railway*, from a design by Mr. Lewis Cubitt: honoured be his name. A central clock-tower, winged by two giant arches, buttressed by two simple solid piers, between which latter extends a protective arcade for arriving and departing passengers, form the elevation. It is just such a front as the architect of the Baths of Caracalla or Dioclesian would have produced, had railroads been the growth of his period. Any one may read, at a glance, the expression of “up and down trains,” required punctuality of time, and reasonable convenience; and he will, moreover, regard the two noble arches as indicating the two arch-formed roofs, covering the double shed which will receive him when he has passed through the arcades below them. *The Builder*, vol. x., p. 627, illustrates the fulfilment of this outward indication. Twin sheds, each 800 feet long, 105 feet wide, and 71 feet high, present themselves,—in sentiment, *hypothal*,—having their noble arcs, free from horizontal tie, and concentric with the two great glazed arches of the front. The admission of light, along the whole range, through the crowning space of the roofs, is admirable. These are indeed “sky-lights.” The sun, or the moon and the stars, are here allowed the full privilege of supervising the bustle of mid-day or midnight departure or arrival. Protection, without obscurity, here welcomes the going or coming guest; and, however brief his moments for observation, he cannot but receive an impression, which will remain on his mind favourable to the idea, that the Railroad Station may have an architecture of its own, not less distinguished by startling grandeur than by perfect simplicity. We sincerely hope and trust that Mr. Lewis Cubitt has struck out a principle of effective *truth*, which will prevent the further progress of that “corrupt love of the lie” which Lord Bacon alludes to, and which all architects should especially eschew. The street front of the *Bristol Terminus of the Great Western Railway* is, perhaps, the greatest *liar* in the kingdom. It is sternly (and we may add, eloquently), expressive of the *collegiate*. It is solemnly contradictory of any *stational* purpose, save that which would make fast the future to the past, and control progress by the anchor and cable of mediævalism. It is a piece of Tudor Gothic which would do credit to High-street, Oxford. It is entirely suggestive of trencher-cap and gown, and no way intimative of band-box and portmanteau. We repeat the hope that Mr. Lewis Cubitt has put a stop to this *masking*; and we are encouraged by some admirable remarks on the subject of architectural fitness, which have recently appeared in *The Times*. It ridicules the idea of making the purpose of a building subject to some determined style. “The first thing is to settle what a building ought to be and become; to make the structure strictly subordinate to the use, and then to allow the architecture to develop itself out of the use and nature of the edifice. The authorities should prepare a ground plan and block model, showing the absolute and indispensable arrangements, size of rooms, size of windows, position of windows, and then invite architects to improve the artistic features.”

The Builder, vol. x., p. 659, presents us with a plan and perspective of the *State Capitol, Columbus, Ohio*, W. R. West, architect. We can by no means award to it the praise so earnestly bestowed on the New York Exhibition-building; but it is due to the architect to admit the disadvantage under which he may have laboured, in having had the Greek Doric Order prescribed to him by the government. Perhaps this was not the only “order” given. Be it as it may, the result is one of the tamest pieces of common-place we have seen. The body of the building presents, externally, a low, oblong square peristyle, (*i. e.* four similar fronts of columns) with not a break in the entablature, nor a

pediment to relieve its horizontal continuity. The porticos are merely formed by leaving a portion of the colonnades open, while the wings are formed by filling up the spaces between the columns remaining. The central lantern is unsatisfactory in its finish, and the small *antefixa* which “garnish” its cornice, are utterly discordant with the plain blocking which crowns the main fronts. Why do not the four porticos project; to be at once serviceable and boldly ornamental; and with pediments to terminate roofs which would abut against the cube under the lantern? How unfinished, too, is this cube! How meanly show the dislocated pediment, the chimneys, and other features which rise within the surrounding *peristyle*! The plan is suggestive of a really fine thing, and we cannot but lament that of so rich an opportunity, so poor a use should have been made. The selection of the Greek Doric was the first mistake. It is, of all the classic orders, the most hostile to the modifications required for general modern purposes. It is pre-eminently, in its mere *self*, the *BUILDING*; *i. e.*, nothing Doric can be more perfect, or so impressive, as the simple peripteral Doric temple, which presents nothing but its two pedimented end porticos, and its lateral colonnades. Saving the doors of the *pronaos* and *posticum*, no other openings are, advantageously to effect, admissible. The narrowness of the space between the columns or engaged pilasters, allows of no room for a well proportioned and properly decorated window. The crowning balustrade, the arch, the dome, and other accessories (greatly promotive of pictorial richness and elegance), are in critical strictness forbidden. Great in its expression, whatever may be its scale, it admits nothing proportionally small, except the flutings on its shafts, and the sculptures in its triglyphs. Simple in its character, it is averse to complexity of disposition. Few in its parts, it prohibits multiplicity of adjunct. It is the most staid, solemn, and substantial of all architectural varieties. The only elegance it admits, is that which is consistent with the most masculine attributes of majesty; the only refinements, those which the sternest truth may allow. There is nothing playful in it. It is inflexibly proud and uncompromising. It says, “thus thou *must* do, if thou have me;” and this has a more particular reference to what may *not*, than to what may be, done.

Recurring to the subject of the religious edifices still erecting, we refer to a view of the *Congregational Church at Clapham*, just built from the design of Mr. John Tarring, architect. Our dissenting friends are now decidedly “looking up,” not only in the *spiritual* sense which has ever stimulated them, but also in the *symbolic* sense, which, until lately, they too obstinately eschewed. It is remarkable too, that, in so many instances, they not only affect the graces of architectural display in their chapels, but seem inclined to give rein to a race with the “high church” party, in the run for *Gothic* honours. With “the Man of Ross,” they teach the “heaven-directed spire to rise.” The simple barn form, is now fronted with an imposing elevation which emulates “the grand west front” of the orthodox church. The canopied window of York appears, in little, over the Clapham “congregational” portal; crocketed pinnacles rise with all allowable exuberance; the “communion inclosure” and pulpit are luxuriant with the embellishments of the oak carver; the deacons have their room in an *apse*; the flat plaster ceiling gives way to the open roof; an organ peals forth, in the stead of a pitch-pipe; and, above all, the painted glass window, radiant with

“Innumerable stains and splendid dyes,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings.”

throws “warm gules” on the mild brow, and “rose bloom on the hands,” and “soft amethyst” on the silver brooch, and “saint-like glory” on the hair, of many a fair “congregational!” These, indeed, are “signs of the times,” which, co-operating with other similar signs resulting from a very different spirit, are “habringers preceding still the fates”—prologues to the omen coming on,” which, heaven and earth together demonstrate unto our climatures and countrymen.”

A view of the *Clapham Congregational Church* (for in spite of act of Parliament “Church” is the word) is to be seen in *The Builder*, vol. x., p. 671. We wish there was a section of the building, to show how the roof and galleries are managed; for much, either of critical approval or censure, depends on this. The description in *The Builder* mentions a gallery as running all round, and this would seem to imply that the single range of lateral windows are serviceable for giving light both above and below the gallery floor. Now, one fenestral composition may be made to serve as two windows, and we will hope that it is properly effected in this instance. The view, however, is too foreshortened to give information on this important point; and, therefore, without reference to this design, we will merely say, that the too frequent habit of making a gallery-back cut across one uninterrupted space of vertical glazing, is an abomination which no indulgence should palliate. The design, on the whole, is, as *The Builder* critic says, “entitled to considerable commendation;” but there is a common-place poverty about the angle buttresses of the tower, and an apparent dislodgement of the pinnacles from their continuity with the buttresses on the sides of the building, which are not quite to our taste.

And now a word or two on the subject of the arched Gothic window-head. It is especially proper, because naturally resultant, when it rises within the angle of a gable, or when its outline is concentric with that which

is formed by a vaulted groined ceiling, as it finishes against the inclosing vertical wall. Thus, in our stone-vaulted cathedrals, the great windows of the four great gables of nave, choir and transepts, are properly arched, because they answer the curves of the main longitudinal vaults; and the windows of the aisles and clero-stories are properly arched, because the transverse vaultings positively suggest that they should be so. But why, when the ceiling of an interior is *not* vaulted, —when, in fact, it rests upon a continuously horizontal cornice,—and when it is essential, for light, that the window heads should closely approximate to that cornice,—why, even in churches and chapels, should not the *flat-headed* Gothic window be employed? There is no lack of "precedent" for square-headed windows in such buildings. The Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton, Thaxted Church, the church of Sabreworth, and many others of the like scale, exhibit it. But the most important authority is to be found in York Cathedral, where, in four of the clero-stories bays near the east end—though internally the windows are arched to suit the vaulting of the choir—they are, externally, masked with open skeen-work, which gives the appearance of a range of windows, finishing with *flat-heads*, close under the cornice. We are far from saying that arched windows should only be used under the circumstances we have especially alluded to, but we do assert there are many instances in which the flat-headed window might be, and indeed *should* be, employed in churches. Nothing is more unpleasant, in its way, than a stunted pointed-arched window. The Norman semi-circular headed window *may* be low; but the pointed head should never be attempted, unless the width required for light is compatible with the height required for proportion; nor should that compatibility be acknowledged, unless there is space for a certain display of superimposed masonry above the point of the arch. In chapels, having galleries, it will generally be found most advisable, in respect to utility, to have the windows under them close to the ceiling and as high as may be from the floor. Employ then, the low and square-headed window. Honestly proclaim, by this sign without, that there are galleries within. Again, if you have a clero-story, ranging under a continuous cornice without room for a well-developed arched window, adopt the flat-headed form; and so indicate, by outward expression, that your interior is finished with a plain boarded ceiling. The co-employment of the pointed or arched windows in your gables, with the square-headed fenestration of your side walling, is perfectly allowable, only taking care that the *tracery* of both forms is of the same character. The gabled ends of your building are *vertical* in extent, the sides of it are *horizontal* in their continuity. Take, then, the form of window best suited to, and obviously suggested by, each. We believe there is much beauty and effect, hitherto unthought of, to be exhibited in thoroughly and fearlessly working out this idea.

In concluding our series of "Monthly Reports" for this year, we trust in the admission that we have, at least with laudable effort, been true to the aim of advancing the subject of Architecture in the estimation of the general reader, by showing how connected it may be with those perceptions and feelings, which are ordinarily exercised and experienced much more readily in regard to Painting and Sculpture. Though it is not merely a *Fine Art*, we hope it has been, in some measure, our success, to show how largely it partakes of the properties which entitle it to be so considered. We have sought to prove that a building may not only be a pleasing object—an imposing substance—but also a winning attraction, and of eloquently expressive address. The facilities afforded us by the numerous engravings which have been concurrent with our observations in *The Builder* and *Illustrated London News*, are acknowledged in the use we have made of them. We do not presume to say we have served them, but we are prompt to acknowledge they have served our purpose, which is simply the purpose—"the cause"—of Architecture. From obvious circumstances their critics cannot graciously venture, as we have done, on censorious animadversion; but we, none the less, repose in the belief that our course has been such as they will not disapprove. Readily accessible as are the publications alluded to, to all readers, we have deemed it best to select such subjects for comment as they afford. Our business is less with particular architects and buildings than with architectural *principles*; and we therefore avail ourselves of what is at once before our readers and ourselves, in illustration of arguments which, without exemplification, would scarcely be understood.

ART AND ARTISTS.

MR. JOHN BELL, the Sculptor, has produced, under the title of *Freeland Outline*, the first of a series of Manuals for Rudimentary Art Instruction, for the use of Artizans and for Schools, and which he has prepared at the request of the Society of Arts. This first part treats of "Outline from Outline, or from the Flat," and the instructions are conveyed in such a familiar and intelligible style that the merest boy can follow them with ease. He first describes the Nature of Lines and their various positions; the Practice of Outline in Drawing is next taught, and in doing this he tells the Student in what attitude he should place himself; how he

should begin with the point and line rule; the pencil in hand measurement; and the application of these to the various lines and figures. Guiding Lines, Variety of Darkness, or Line in Outline, are afterwards taught, and the lessons conclude with a catechism by which the self-educator can try his own knowledge of what he has read, or the master test the progress of his pupil. The lessons are profusely illustrated with drawings for the practice of the learner. This is the most valuable, because the most practical, contribution to art-education which we have ever seen.—*The Art Journal*, for November, contains engravings of two of the most beautiful pictures in the Vernon Gallery, SIDNEY COOPER'S *Cattle Reposing*, and WARD'S *Group of Horses*. A powerful article attacks the awards of the Juries of the Exhibition. The Art Manufactures engraved in this number are singularly beautiful. The Old Master selected for illustration is *VELASQUEZ*, of whose works two fine specimens are given.

ART UNION.

THE last subject selected by the Art Union for presentation to its subscribers is a fine line engraving by W. FINDEN of HILTON's *Crucifixion*. The picture, which it may be remembered was composed for an altarpiece, represents, in the central division, the death of our Saviour. Between the two crucified with him is a fine and truthful contrast. Physical suffering of the intensest degree is expressed in the whole frame of the penitent thief, yet do his features show an expression which tells of blessedness of mind, and leaves no doubt as to which of the twain has received the promise of salvation. At the foot of the cross lies the fainting mother surrounded by the women who had followed to the spot, while elevated above the other figures the young Magdalene still remains as if in supplication to him who has forgiven her all. On the left, we see the Centurion who, just convinced of the divinity of the dead, is flying in terror from the scene; and the supernatural darkness is well "*made visible*" in the engraving. The right panel ends the story with the awe-struck procession slowly returning through the city gates. This is the best subject, and the best engraved of any for which we have yet been indebted to the Art Union.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. THOMAS MOGFORD's splendid portrait of J. C. Adams, M.A., painted for the combination of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been engraved by Sir Samuel Cousins, A.R.A., and published by Mr. Hogarth. As a work of art the painting is meritorious, combining the qualities now so rare in portraits of being a true likeness, modest in colouring, human-like in expression. We expect again to find Mr. Mogford prominent before the Centurion, and he is fortunate to have so successful a reflector as we believe Mr. Cousins has proved himself in the print before us.—The Society of British Artists have recently made some important alterations in regulations for the admission of members. Hitherto, an admission fee of 10*l.* has been paid by every member on election, but it is now resolved to *discontinue* this, and for the future there will be *no entrance fee*. The mode of election is also changed. Candidates are required to write their names in a book, and a *majority* of the *members* expressing in writing an opinion in favour of the admission of any one, or more, of such candidates as members, such majority constitutes an election. The names not selected remain on the list until a future election, unless withdrawn at the request of the parties. We are glad to see obstructive rules pushed aside in an institution which should from its very nature be popularly constituted.—A miniature of the Duke of Wellington, painted by Isabey, in 1818, was sold at the sale of the Countess d'Hijar's property at Versailles, the other day, for the large price of 10,60*l.*, about 420*l.* The Marquis of Hertford was the purchaser, after a very sharp competition with another bidder.—The Dean and Chapter of Hereford constitute the first ecclesiastical corporation which has set the example of supporting art education, by subscribing 10*l.* towards the establishment, at Hereford, of an elementary drawing-school, in connexion with the department of practical art.—Mr. Crawford, the well-known American sculptor at Rome, has received a commission from a countryman for a bronze statue of Beethoven,—which is to be placed in the Music Hall of Boston, U.S.—Madrid papers announce that a statue of Columbus, of large size in bronze, is about to be erected in the principal square of the Spanish capital.—The inhabitants of the little French town of Petit-Brie, on the Marne, have been celebrating the inauguration of a monument erected by the members of the independent Society of the Fine Arts to the memory of a distinguished native of the place, the late M. Daguerre.—A terrible storm which raged over Athens for five hours on the 26th ult. brought down one of the antique ornaments of the Grecian capital—a column of the temple of Jupiter Olympus near the Adrian gate.—The journals of Vienna announce that M. Jean Echtier, the chief lithographer to the Imperial Press of Vienna, has in-

vented a process by means of which drawings on stone can be printed in black or in colours on hard substances, such as wood or marble. Proofs obtained by his method have been presented to the Imperial Academy of Sciences in that capital.—The Pope has charged M. Jacometti, the sculptor, with the execution of his fine group of "The Kiss of Judas" in marble. It is to adorn the vestibule of the Christian Museum now organizing in the Palace of Lateran.—Professor Steinla is at work on another of the matchless productions of Raffael—the Madonna del Pescce. Among the minor exhibitions at present open at Berlin, is a new collection of water-colour drawings, by Professor Hildebrandt—the fruit of a late journey through Italy, Sicily, the East, and the Holy Land,—exceeding in excellence the former specimens of this artist's talent, which excited so much attention at Messrs. Colmagni's two or three years ago.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Manchester, a week or two back, had reason to be very thankful to Mr. Mitchell, of the St. James's Theatre, for introducing to it an interesting band—the Tyrolese minstrels. The Free Trade Hall was the scene of the triumph of this clever, intelligent group of vocalists. Their performance was of a character which at once showed the folks of Manchester how fully merited was their success in London, and how fully warranted by their style of melody, which is pure and simple, without a trill, cadence, or complexity of any kind. The audience, from beginning to end, were thrown into a state of positive rapture by the simplicity and harmony of the singing of these Tyrolese, and by the freshness and feeling—the strong, genuine feeling—which they threw into all the songs they gave, no matter whether it was a huntsman's chorus or a patriot's ode, a ditty of humour and merriment, or a delicious warbling of peasant love.

But if the people of Manchester had cause to congratulate themselves upon recently having really good music, the people of Liverpool have been no less fortunate; or, perhaps, the latter people have been more fortunate, for, instead of receiving a flying visit from a wandering band of minstrels, they are to have a permanent enjoyment during the winter in a series of chamber concerts, to be managed by Mr. E. W. Thomas. Already have these concerts commenced, and the Liverpool people, who patronise and appreciate everything that is good, have hitherto attended in large numbers, showing interest in the performance and discrimination in their applause. A circumstance in these concerts deserves to be noticed, as appealing to the vanity and evincing recognition of the musical talent of Liverpool—we allude to the engagement of a party of vocalists, essentially local, "The Liverpool Glee and Madrigal Union." Their performance was really very good, and the *esprit de locale* secured loud applause for their efforts. The operatic entertainments at the Amphitheatre have been brought to a close. They were well patronised throughout, as they deserved to be, for the operas were well selected, produced in a creditable manner, and interpreted by good principals. Among the latest operas produced were Wallace's *Maritana*, Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, and Fitzwilliam's *Queen of a Day*.

The musical public of Leeds and Huddersfield have been completely surprised and gratified by the talents of the Distin family, who lately visited them, and, in both places, created an enthusiasm by the many beautiful pieces of which their judiciously-arranged programme consisted.

The English Glee and Madrigal Union of the St. James's Theatre have returned to London, crowned with the laurels of brilliant success, after fulfilling a series of autumnal engagements in most of the principal towns in the northern and midland counties. Perhaps the greatest concert they gave was at Worcester, in aid of the fund for the relief of the poorer sufferers by the inundation of the Severn. They then collected 150*l.*

Mr. Travers and Mr. and Mrs. Weiss are starring together in the provinces. They were lately singing in operas at Plymouth to crowded audiences.

Miss Fanny Reeves, who has been singing with great success at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, appears at the Surrey at Christmas. She is of a good personal appearance, and has a rich contralto voice.

Boosey's Standard Operas. No. 1. "Sonnambula." No. 2. "Norma."

Boosey's Standard Overtures: T. BOOSEY and Co. In this age of cheapness, the price of Music has alone remained unchanged. One of the large publishing houses has, however, yielded to the spirit of the time, and a desirable result follows. We have before us the complete operas—"Sonnambula" and "Norma"—for the pianoforte at nearly the same price we have been accustomed to pay for the two songs from the latter opera. The same publishers have issued, in a well printed handsome volume, a dozen of the most famous

overtures, at a price within the means of the humblest lover of music. All these works are unmitigated, and seem to be very effectively arranged. We cannot say too much in commendation of this appeal to the now universal taste for music, and we have no hesitation in assuring the *entrepreneur* that, although there may be an apparent sacrifice in thus reducing the prices of his copyright publications, the ultimate advantage to himself will be quite in proportion to the benefit accruing to the public.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

A MARIONETTE theatre is about to be opened at Paris. —Owing to the great demand for Mr. F. Talfourd's drama of *Macbeth Travestie*, Mr. Lacy has been induced to issue a second edition, with numerous alterations and corrections by the author. —The Lord Chamberlain has prohibited all reference to foreign politics, and to Louis Napoleon in particular, in the next Christmas pantomimes. —Mdlle. Rachael has accepted the principal part in a new drama by Madame de Girardin, which is to bear the odd title of "Lady Tartuffe." —A rumour is given in the foreign journals of three *Trios* by Beethoven till now unknown, lately revealed by Herr Zenker, of Herrmannstadt, in Transylvania. —Jenny Lind is about to perform in Berlin at a series of concerts to be given on behalf of the society of Gustavus Adolphus, which was formed for relieving poor protestant communities in Sweden and in the north of Germany.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES, RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

MESSRS. HARPER, of New York, have published an authentic account of the *Private Life of Daniel Webster*, from the pen of Charles Lannan, Esq., who has for two years past been the private secretary and confidential friend of the great man of Marshfield. There are also several other announcements of biographies of Mr. Webster, one in particular by Messrs. Derby & Co., Buffalo. —An historical work is on the eve of publication under the patronage of the French Government, to be called "The Works of the Emperor Napoleon I," complete in thirty-five volumes, folio. —*Uncle Tom's Cabin* is greedily purchased by the Viennese, and big letter placards on the walls of Vienna daily announce some new and cheaper form of the work, to suit the pockets of the less wealthy. It has already gone through the ordeal of three different German translations, and it is likely soon to be dramatised. —At Paris, not fewer than three of the principal daily newspapers, the *Presse*, the *Siecle*, and the *Paye*, are giving literal translations of it in their *feuilletons*; most of the other journals have elaborately reviewed and quoted from it; and five or six complete translations of it have been bought by publishers. It is, besides, to be prepared for the stage. It has also been translated into Italian, and is to be produced in Spanish at Madrid. In Germany several translations are preparing, and it will appear in Danish, Swedish, Polish, and Russian. —A new weekly periodical, under the editorship of Karl Gutzkow, is commenced in Dresden; it is entitled *Unterhaltungen am häuslichen Herd*, "Entertainment for the Household Hearth." It is meant to be something similar to Dickens's *Household Words*. —The Rev. Henry Burgess, of Blackburn, has issued proposals for publishing a translation of the Metrical Hymns of the ancient Syrian Christians, with historical and philological notes. His former work, a translation of the *Festal Letters of Athanasius*, from a Syriac MS. brought to England by Dr. Tattam, has recently procured for him the honour of a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Göttingen.

The vacant Professorship of English Language and Literature at the London University has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. David Masson: —a gentleman well known in literary circles here and in Edinburgh, and a valued contributor to *The Athenaeum*. —The Council of the Royal Society have awarded the Copley medal to Baron Alexander von Humboldt, for his eminent scientific services, —the Rumford medal, to G. G. Stokes, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, —and the two Royal Medals, to J. P. Jones, Esq., and T. H. Huxley, Esq. —The *Gazette* announces the appointment of Sir Emerson Tennent, M.P., author of *Christianity in Ceylon*, to the office of Joint Secretary of the Board of Trade, filled by the late Mr. G. R. Porter; and Mr. G. P. R. James, the prolific novelist, to the post of Consul of Norfolk, North America. —The medal of the Prussian Order of Merit, disposable by the death of Thomas Moore, is to be conferred on Major Rawlinson, our distinguished Oriental scholar and traveller. The King has the nomination of members. —Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Agassiz, President Hitchcock, Doctor Jacob Bigelow, of Boston, and others, have been engaged to deliver lectures, during the coming winter, before the Academy of Arts and Sciences, or at the Lowell In-

stitute, Boston. —Mr. McGlashan, of Dublin, the publisher, is to be presented with a testimonial on the 1st of January next. His friends consider that the twentieth anniversary of the *Dublin University Magazine* presents a fitting opportunity of bearing testimony to his worth, he having been from the first identified with that brilliant periodical. —The late Dr. Birkbeck, the chief founder of the Mechanics' Institutes, and who at his own cost—both in time and money—largely contributed to the spreading of education amongst English mechanics—died, impoverished, and leaving his widow without provision. A communication of the bereaved lady's position was made to the Prime Minister, and a memorial, most numerously and respectfully signed, prayed that some stipend from the Civil List should be allowed to her. In reply to this memorial, an offer was communicated from Lord Derby of a pension (charged on the Civil List) of 50*l.* a year. This pension, however, was, by the special advice of Mrs. Birkbeck's friends, instantly declined. —Mr. M. Chambers, for Sir Charles Napier, recently moved, in the Court of Queen's Bench, for a rule calling on Mr. John Murray, publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, to show cause why criminal information should not be filed against him for alleged libel in an article on the war in Scinde. Lord Campbell pronounced that the allegation in the article referred to did not exceed the limits allowed to free discussion through the press in this country. Justices Coleridge, Wightman, and Earle, coincided with the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice.

An application is shortly to be made to Parliament, for an act vesting the property of Shakspeare's House in the Government. If this application succeed, this house will become a "National Institution," as it should be. —The subscription for a monument to Sir James Mackintosh, commenced under excellent auspices twenty years ago, does not yet amount to 500*l.* —The vessel *Sea Queen*, arrived from Boston, United States of America, has brought a case addressed to the Royal Society, containing presentation copies of books for the Royal and other learned Societies and individuals in this country, and the authorities of the revenue have given the necessary directions for their free delivery for that purpose. —The members of the South Kennington Literary Institute held their first *Conversations* on the 11th instant, in the school-room attached to Saint Barnabas Church, Wandsworth-road. The tables were covered with a great variety of interesting objects. —The Oxford papers mention that a Society for Debates on the subject of University Reform, has recently been formed among the tutors and masters in that University. —The University of Cambridge has accepted the bequest of Dr. Leman's herbarium, comprising 30,000 species of plants, and voted a sum of 150*l.* for defraying the cost of arranging it. —Mr. Joshua Bates, of the London house of Baring & Co., having been informed that a public library is about to be erected in Boston, offered to contribute a sum of 50,000*l.* dollars—10,000*l.* sterling. —The *Constitutionnel*, which possesses, it is said, 40,000 subscribers in France, has been purchased by the proprietor of the *Paye*, M. Mérès, who owns at the same time the *Journal des Chemins de Fer*. The price said to be paid for this acquisition is 1,600,000*l.*, or about 64,000*l.* The new editor will, it is reported, be M. Granier de Cassagnac. —The subject of the Norrisian Prize Essay at Oxford for 1853 is announced, "The Gospels could not have originated in any or all of those forms of religious opinion which prevailed among the Jews at the time of our Saviour's incarnation." —Most of the Paris journals, in their translations of the reports of the recent duel at Egham have made an extraordinary blunder—that of confounding the "percussion cap" of a pistol with the "cap" or "hat" of dress. Thus we read:—"Avant le duel les parties convinrent que les coups portés dans les habits ne compteraient pas," which is literally, "Before the duel the parties agreed that shots entering the clothes should not count;" whereas the words in the original were—"It was agreed that the *snapping of a cap* (in French *l'éclat d'une capsule*) should not count as a shot." Again: "Tous deux firent feu; le chapeau de Barthélémy fut touché; il en mit un neuf, qui fut touché aussi;" that is literally "Both fired; the hat of Barthélémy was hit; he put on a new hat, which was also hit." The English was:—"Both fired. The cap (in French, *la capsule*) of M. Barthélémy's pistol only exploded; he put on a *fresh cap*, which also snapped!"

STATISTICS OF LITERATURE.

THE PRESS.—The statistics of the newspaper press of the United States form an interesting feature in the returns of the Seventh Census. From an abstract of this document we learn the following facts:

It appears that the whole number of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, on the first day of June, 1850, amounted to 2,800. Of these, 2,494 were fully returned, 234 had all the facts excepting circula-

tion given, and 72 are estimated for California, the Territories, and for those that may have been omitted by the assistant marshals.

From calculations made on the statistics returned, and estimated circulations where they have been omitted, it appears that the aggregate circulation of these 2,800 papers and periodicals is about 5,000,000, and that the entire number of copies printed annually in the United States, amounts to 422,600,000.

The following table will show the number of daily, weekly, monthly, and other issues, with the aggregate circulation of each class:

	No.	Circulation.	No. of copies printed annually
Dailies.....	350	750,000	235,000,000
Tri-weeklies	150	75,000	11,700,000
Semi-weeklies ..	125	80,000	8,320,000
Weeklies.....	2,000	2,875,000	149,500,000
Semi-monthlies ..	50	300,000	7,200,000
Monthlies	100	900,000	10,800,000
Quarterlies	25	29,000	80,000
	2,800	5,000,000	422,600,000

Four hundred and twenty-four papers are issued in the New England States, 876 in the Middle States, 716 in the Southern States, and 784 in the Western States.

The average circulation of papers in the United States, is 1,785. There is one publication for every 7,161 free inhabitants in the United States and Territories. —*Norton's Literary Register*.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." —Mr. W. E. Franklin, the bookseller and news-vendor of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway, had sold up to Thursday, October 28, 4,794 copies of "Uncle Tom!" —416 copies at 6*d.*, 338 at 7*d.*, 3,139 at 1*s.*, 351 at 2*s.*, 478 at 2*s. 6d.*, 54 at 3*s. 6d.*, and 9 at 7*s. 6d.* The three-and-sixpenny edition is "the author's;" so that Mrs. Stowe has only realized a profit by 54 copies out of 4,794! Mr. Franklin, it may be supposed, has been much benefited by the book; but it must be remembered that general literature has had small sale during the rage for "Tom." For the past two months "Uncle Tom" and the "White Slave," the "Duke of Wellington" and "Sir Robert Peel," have monopolized the pence of the travelling public, and have generally gone off in pairs. —*Gateshead Observer*.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET:—*Masks and Faces*; a comedy in two acts, by Messrs. TOM TAYLOR and CHARLES READE.

LYCEUM:—*Those Dear Blacks*; a comedietta in two acts, by Mr. W. BROUGH.

ADELPHI:—*"Slave Life!" or Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

—A drama in three acts.

The great success achieved by *Richelieu in Love*, has been followed up by a triumph no less marked, in the shape of *Masks and Faces*, an excellent collaboration by Mr. TOM TAYLOR and Mr. CHARLES READE, hitherto known only as a successful adapter from the French. The crude notion of this piece is, indeed, said to have been taken from *La Marquise de Seneffere*; but there appears to be little doubt that the construction of the plot, the invention of the characters, and the ornaments of the dialogue are as original as anything in these days can possibly be. The intention of the piece is evidently to impress upon the public that actors and actresses are not always so devoid of morality as they are popularly supposed to be, and in spite of the natural tendency to view such a moral preached from such a place with some slight feelings of suspicion, we cannot help wishing that it may have some effect that way. The plot is as follows: *Ernest Vane* (Mr. PARSELL), a country gentleman of fortune, from Huntingdonshire, has been beguiled by the pleasures of town, and unmindful of his newly-married wife, *Mabel* (Miss ROSA BENNETT) who is pining in rural solitude, he passes himself off for an unfeathered young bachelor and enters the lists against all the beaux and wits of the day as a left-handed suitor to the fair and seductive actress *Peg Woffington* (Mrs. STIRLING). The actress, who is much taken by the rustic simplicity of the youth, accepts him for a lover to the rejection of *Sir Charles Pomander* (Mr. LEIGH MURRAY) a fashionable exquisite. In the meantime, *Mabel Vane*, anxious to see her husband once more, comes up to town unexpectedly, and her arrival becoming known to *Pomander*, he gladly avails himself of so brilliant an opportunity for vengeance by introducing her suddenly to one of *Ernest's* bachelor parties, consisting of *Woffington*, *Colley Cibber* (Mr. LAMBERT) *Quin*, (Mr. BLAND) *Kitty Clive* (Miss F. MASKELL) and two critics *Snarl* and *Soaper* (Messrs. STUART and CAULFIELD) very much to the discomfiture of *Ernest*, and the surprise of the fair *Woffington*. The witty actress is, however, resolved not to be taken aback, and as the best method of covering the confusion, introduces herself and the rest of the professionals to the uninitiated *Mabel*, under their stage names, as *Lady Betty Modish*, &c. *Mabel*, however, is not long in ascertaining the real state of the case, partly by the kindness of *Pomander*, who is not unwilling to take advantage of a quarrel which he supposes inevitable between the outraged wife and her

husband, and partly from the innocent talkativeness of *Triplet* (Mr. WEBSTER) a poor poet and painter whom *Woffington* has befriended. The second act takes place in *Triplet's* lodging, to which *Woffington* has come for the purpose of relieving the misery which weighs down the poor fellow and his starving family, and which, by a judicious application of "kitchen physic" and the contagion of her own overflowing merriment, she speedily dispels. In order to advance the interests of her *protégé*, she gives him a sitting for her portrait, and has invited the wits, the critics, and the actors to come and inspect it. Dissatisfied with the result of his labours, *Triplet* destroys the picture before the arrival of the *posse*, by striking his knife through the face, when *Peg*, resolved to have some fun at the expense of the *cognoscenti*, cuts out the canvass face and inserts in the place her own natural one of flesh and blood. When the critics arrive, they at once begin to criticise the work most severely, as utterly inconsistent with the principles of art and all the recognised laws of nature, strictures upon which the laughing picture soon turns round upon themselves and puts them to flight in anger and dismay. No sooner have they gone than *Mabel* arrives for the purpose of asking *Triplet* to conduct her to *Woffington*, that she may conjure her to restore to her the heart of her husband; *Woffington* is by this time in the picture again, and *Mabel* believing it to be a work of art, addresses to it an affecting appeal. The actress is moved, and in the scene which follows, she promises to restore to poor *Mabel* her lost happiness. This she speedily effects by bringing together *Pomander* and *Ernest*, and pretending to accept *Pomander*,—and the curtain falls upon one of those long versified tags in which series of epigrammatic sentences are delivered by the *dramatis personae* standing all arow. From this description of the incidents upon which the comedy has been constructed, it will be understood that the two acts bear rather the character of a series of incidents illustrating the character of *Peg Woffington* than of being founded upon any regular and sustained plot. Although the character of *Woffington* is not strictly moral, even as here depicted, there is enough of good feeling infused into her character to center the interest of the audience upon herself. As a woman who has seen enough of the world to despise it, but with an abundant flow of honest sympathies hidden beneath the ice-cold surface of sarcasm and polished wit, the *Peg Woffington* of Messrs. TAYLOR AND READE appears to us a very natural character; but we fear that she is not the *Peg Woffington* of History. Unless report has strangely belied her, *Peg* was scarcely one who could, with any show of justice, complain of any unfavourable estimate which society might arrive at with respect to her morals. The character here depicted reminded us rather of Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE: but let that pass. Mrs. STIRLING played the part as well as—if their ages had been reversed—Mrs. WOFFINGTON would have played Mrs. STIRLING. The other historical parts were well sustained, especially that of *Kitty Clive* by Miss FANNY MASKELL, who has lately made her *début* at this theatre, and promises to become an established favourite. It is perhaps to be regretted that more has not been done with the character of *Quin*,—perhaps, in reality, one of the most humorous men of his time; but we are somewhat compensated by the sketch of *Cibber*, which, we dare to say, is more truthful than any historical portrait that ever proceeded from the pencil of Mr. THACKERAY. Mr. WEBSTER's impersonation of the poor poet is a very fine performance, and Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY deserves infinite credit for the manner in which she supports her trying and painful part as the wife of *Triplet*, who has to whine, and "God bless you," and "Heaven reward you," in the most approved mendicant style. Indeed, we would suggest, in a friendly manner, that the opening of the second act should be considerably curtailed; because, however affecting starving families of poor poets may be in reality, upon the stage such scenes are apt too nearly to approach the bathos,—a catastrophe which, even in the hands of a LAMAITRE, simulated pauperism is not always able to avoid. Upon the whole, our admiration for this comedy is very great; and, although its offences against law and precedent are neither few nor small, we are bound to say that pleasure was excited and emotion aroused in the witnessing of it; and that is, after all, the sole end and object of the dramatic writer.

Ifusing a little sly satire upon the present mania for our coloured brethren, aroused by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," into a very smart adaptation of a French piece, Mr. W. BROUGHS has produced, at the LYCEUM, a very agreeable little comedy, in two acts, called *Those Dear Blacks*. The first act takes place upon the Chain-Pier at Brighton, where all the promenaders are discovered eagerly perusing various editions of "Uncle Tom." Amongst the parties there occupied, are Mr. *Bullwinkle* (Mr. BASIL BAKER) and his daughter *Amelia* (Miss WYNDHAM), who are eagerly expecting the arrival of Mr. *Featheredge* (Mr. C. MATHEWS), who is paying his addresses to Miss *Amelia*, and is supposed to be a perfect *Crœsus*. *Featheredge* arrives, but is at once recognised by a lawyer named *Skinner* (Mr. BUTLER), who, as luckless chance will have it, is walking with the *Bullwinkles*, and who at once exposes *Featheredge* as a gentleman destitute of any visible means, and against whom he then holds an acceptance for fifty pounds. Spurned by the indignant *Bullwinkle* and his lovely daughter, reduced to his last penny, and starvation staring him in the face, *Featheredge* is about to cast

himself from the pier, when he is pulled back by Mr. *Adonis Lillywhite* (Mr. SUTER), a gentleman of colour, who is possessed of an enormous fortune, and is in search of a white servant. After some demur, *Featheredge* accepts the situation, and accordingly, in the next act, we find him installed in Mr. *Lillywhite's* splendid apartments fast asleep upon his master's sofa, and in his master's handsome flowered-silk dressing-gown. Pretending ignorance of all the duties of a servant, he induces his master to give him a lesson for the first morning by serving him; and, to render the transformation more complete, the ignorant *Lillywhite* imagines that a gorgeous embroidered suit of livery must be intended for the "Massa," and dons it accordingly, leaving the plain black suit for the servant. At this juncture Mr. *Bullwinkle*, upon whose head a flowerpot has alighted, comes into the room and is overpowered with astonishment at finding the fortuneless *Featheredge* so sumptuously lodged and obscurely waited on by a black servant: repentance for the refusal of his alliance immediately follows, and he at once runs off for his daughter to regain so desirable a match. When the fair *Amelia* arrives, *Lillywhite* recognises in her "the lubly white gal," with whom he had become desperately enamoured the day before at Brighton; and the arrival of *Skinner*, compels *Featheredge* to confess that he is not the master, but the servant. Everything seems now upon the point of being again embroiled, when *Lillywhite*, to prove his enormous wealth, by way of supporting his claim to the hand of *Amelia*, produces the will of his late master, bequeathing to him the whole of his fortune provided the sister of the testator should die without issue. She has not, however, died without issue; *Featheredge* is that issue, and now, being really a rich man, no further difficulty stands in the way of his union with *Amelia*. To compensate *Lillywhite* for his disappointment, he takes him at once into his service, and permits him to retain the embroidered coat. The character of *Featheredge* is admirably suited to Mr. C. MATHEWS; and Mr. SUTER plays the gentleman of colour with very great facility. Nor should we omit a word of congratulation and praise to Miss WYNDHAM, who has now abandoned the *corps du ballet* for a path scarcely more, but quite as congenial to her talents.

As *Slave Life* made its first appearance whilst we were going to press, it is impossible we should do more than give a hasty and brief notice of its merits and reception. The story of Mrs. STROWE's novel has had great liberties taken with it, in order to bring it into dramatic form, for, to use the expression of the playbill, it was necessary to interleave the threads into which the adventures of her heroes and heroines diverged. Mrs. KEELEY's *Topsy* is evidently the great feature in the piece, and, as Mr. O. SMITH is generally selected for the most villainous parts, we need hardly say that he was *Uncle Tom*. We are bound to say that the *mise en scène* does credit to the management, and as the various tableaux and pieces of sentiment with which the entire piece is filled appeared to afford unmitigated satisfaction to the audience, we need not criticise too severely the literary merits of this, the least contemptible dramatic version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

(Continued from page 584.)

SCENE ELEVENTH.—WALTER standing alone in his garden.

WALTER.

Summer hath murmur'd with her leafy lips
Around my home, and I have heard her not;
I've missed the process of three several years,
From shaking wind-flowers to the tarnished gold
That rustles sere on Autumn's aged limbs.
I went three years ago, and now return,
As stag sore-hunted a long summer day
Creeps to the eve to its deep forest home.
This is my home again! Once more I hail
The dear old gables and the creaking vanes.
It stands all flick'd with shadows in the moon,
Patients and white and woful. 'Tis so still,
It seems to brood upon its youthful years,
When children sported on its ringing floors,
And music trembled through its happy rooms.
'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man
As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.
Gone my pure heart, and with it happy days;
No manna falls around me from on high,
Barely from off the desert of my life.
I gather patience and severe content.
God is a worker. He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur. God is Love;
He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in His smile.
Why work I not? The veriest mote that sports
Its one-day life within the sunny beam
Has its stern duties. Wherefore have I none?
I will throw off this dead and useless past,
As a strong runner, straining for his life,
Uncleaps a mantle to the hungry winds.
A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As ghost-like, from the waste and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon. *[Another pause.]*

I have a heart to dare,
And spirit-thews to work my daring out;
I'll cleave the world as a swimmer cleaves the sea,
Breaking its sleek green billows into froth,
With tilting full-blown chest, and scattering
With scornful breath its kissing flattering foam,
That leaps and dallies with its dipping lip.
Thou'rt distant, now, O World! I hear thee not;
There's no pale fringes of thy fires to-night

Around the large horizon. Yet, O World!
I have thee in my power, and as a man
By some mysterious influence can sway
Another's mind, making him laugh and weep,
Shudder or thrill, such power have I on thee.
Much have I suffered, both from thee and thine;
Thou shalt not 'scape me, World! I'll make thee weep;
I'll make my lone thought cross thee like a spirit,
And blanch thy braggart cheeks, lift up thy hair,
And make thy great knees tremble; I will send
Across thy soul dark herds of demon dreams,
And make thee toss and moan in troubled sleep;
And, waking, I will fill thy forlorn heart
With pure and happy thoughts, as summer woods
Are full of singing birds.—I come from far,
I'll rest myself, O World! awhile on thee,
And half in earnest, half in jest, I'll cut
My name upon thee, pass the arch of Death,
Then on a star of stars go up to God.

SCENE TWELFTH.—An Apartment—CHARLES and EDWARD seated.

EDWARD.
Have you seen Walter lately?

CHARLES.
Very much;
I wintered with him.

EDWARD.
What was he about?

CHARLES.
He wrote his Poem then.

EDWARD.
That was a hit!
The world still murmurs like a hive of bees:
It is its theme—to morrow it may change.
Was it done at a dash?

CHARLES.
It was; each word sincere,
As blood drops from the heart. The full-faced moon,
Set round with stars, in at his casement looked,
And saw him write and write: and when the moon
Was waning dim upon the edge of morn,
Still sat he writing, thoughtful-eyed and pale,
And, as of yore, round his white temples reeled
His golden hair, in ringlets beautiful.
Great joy he had, for thought came glad and thick
As leaves upon a tree in primrose time;
And as he wrote, his task the lovelier grew,
Like April unto May, or as a child,
A-smile in the lap of life, by fine degrees
Orbs to a maiden, walking with meek eyes
In atmosphere of beauty round her breasted.
He wrote all winter in an olden room,
Hallow'd with glooms and books. Priests who have wed
Their makers unto Fortune, Moons that have shed
Eternal halos around England's head;
Books dusky and thumb'd without, within a sphere
Smelling of Spring, as genial, fresh, and clear,
And beautiful as the rainbow'd air
After May showers. Within this pleasant lair
He passed in writing all the winter months;
But when May came, with train of sunny noons,
He chose a leafy summer house wthin
The greenest nook in all his garden green;
Oft a fine thought would flush his face divine,
As he had quaffed a cup of oiden wine,
Which deifies the drinker: oft his face
Gleamed like a spirit's in that shady place,
While he saw, smiling upward from the scroll,
The image of the thought within his soul;
There, 'mid the waving shadows of the trees,
'Mong garden odours and the hum of bees,
He wrote the last and closing passages.
He is not happy.

EDWARD.
Has he told you so?
CHARLES.
Not in plain terms: oft an unhappy thought,
Telling all is not well, falls from his soul
Like a diseased feather from the wing
Of a sick eagle; a scorched meteor-stone
Dropt from the ruined moon.

EDWARD.
What are these thoughts?
CHARLES.
I walked with him upon a windy night;
We saw the streaming moon flee through the sky
Pursu'd by all the dark and hungry clouds.
He stopped and said: "Weariness feeds on all.
That vampire, Time, shall yet suck dim the sun.
God wears, and so makes a universe,
And gathers angels round Him.—He is weak;
I weary, and so wreak myself in verse,
Which but relieves me as a six-inch pipe
Relieves the drowsy sea. O for mad War!
I'd give my next twelve years to head but once
Ten thousand horse in one victorious charge.
Give me some one to hate, and let me chase
Him through the zones, and finding him at last,
Make his accursed eyes leap on his cheeks,
And his face blacken, with one checkng guipe."

EDWARD.
Savage enough, I'faith!
CHARLES.
He often said
His strivings after Poesy and Fame
Were vain as turning blind eyes on the sun.
His Book came out; I told him that the world
Holl'd him a Poet. He said, with feeble smile,
"I have arisen like a dawn—the world.
Like the touch'd Memnon, murmurs—that is all."
He said, as we were lying on the moss,
(A forest sounding o'er us, like a sea)
Above two mermen seated on the sands:)
"Our human hearts are deeper than our souls,
And Love than Knowledge is diviner food—
O Charles! if God will ever send to thee
A heart that loves thee, reverence that heart.
We think that Death is hard, when he can kill
An infant smiling in his very face;
Harder was I than Death.—In cup of sin
I did d'solve thee, thou most precious pearl,
And drink thee up." We sat one eve,
Gazing in silence on the falling sun:

We saw him sink. As slow from out the heaven,
Like a fine veil, came down the tender gloom,
A dove came fluttering round the window, flew
Away, and then came fluttering back. He said :
" As that dove flutters round the casement, comes
A pale shape round my soul ; I've done it wrong,
I never will be happy till I ope
My heart and take it in." —Twas ever so ;
To some strange sorrow all his thoughts did tend,
Like waves unto a shore. Dost know his grief ?

EDWARD.

I dimly guess it ; a rich cheek grew pale,
A happy spirit singing on her way
Grew muted as winter. Walter, mad and blind,
Threw off the world, God, unclasped his loving arms,
Rush'd wild through Pleasure and through Devil-world,
Till he fell down exhausted.—Do you know
If he believes in God ?

CHARLES.

He told me once,
The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and Woman ;
For he had lost them both.—Lost I those gems,
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.

EDWARD.

Let him go
Alone upon his waste and dreary road,
He will return to the old faith he learned
Beside his mother's knee. That memory
That haunts him, as the sweet and gracious moon
Haunts the poor outcast Earth, will lead him back
To happiness and God.

CHARLES.

May it be so !

HOW PUBLISHERS MAKE FORTUNES AND SPEND THEM.—*The Times*, in a late review of a new illustrated edition of *The Parables of the New Testament*, from the press of Mr. John Mitchell, is playful at the expense of enterprising publishers :—“ Publishers, like other mortals, have their hobbies, and all men, whether publishers or not, have their moments of commendable weakness, when, knowing themselves to be on the whole winners in the great game of life, they are willing to play for a time at manifest loss and disadvantage for the mere love of sport. Longmans count their gains by thousands when they publish a history like that of Babington Macaulay ; but small profit, save that which accrues to them from a satisfied conscience, attends a lavish investment in pictorial Prayer-books and illuminated missals. Murray draws a prize in *Cumming's African Sports*, and sinks an annuity in a pet labour of Croker's, which the cultivated must always admire, but which shall never arrive at the dignity of paying its expenses. Blackwood has a mine in his magazine, and is content to invest a goodly portion of his diggings in a national work of architecture, which is doomed, we fear, to become a simple record of Scottish patriotism in the native land of the enterprising publisher—and on the least gratifying side of his ledger. Yet who shall complain that out of the superabundance of their means publishers are prone to indulge in luxuries that confer a lasting benefit on literature and art ? Mr. John Mitchell, ‘publisher to the Queen,’ is the very personification of enterprise and speculation. Of all publishers living he is, perhaps, the very last whom we should suspect of an infirmity that sits so becomingly on the graver brethren whose names have been introduced ; yet he, too, in his turn, has obeyed the higher impulse, and possibly entombed for ever in a labour of love much valuable coin, won by dint of energy and perseverance from the ordinary pursuits of life. A beautiful volume is before us, which would surely never have seen the light had not Ethiopian serenaders, Rachel and Lemaitre, Tyrolese singers, and German tragedians enabled Mr. Mitchel to gratify a noble sentiment, and to achieve a public good. May the effort meet with its reward ! We shall be glad to learn that his least promising venture has proved Mr. Mitchell's best speculation. Virtue, we know, is its own reward ; but even the honest creature who picks up a purse and restores it untouched to its owner finds—human as he is—his virtuous propensities strengthened and confirmed by substantial acknowledgment.

MISS LAURA ADDISON.—An incident in the personal history of the late Miss Laura Addison is furnished in the foreign correspondence of the New York *Daily Times*, relating to her engagement at Sadler's Wells : “ But the flattery of injudicious friends, and perhaps the promptings of her own vanity, led her to imagine that her talent was lost at a theatre in the remote district of Islington. An incident that we have heard related confirmed this delusion. At a theatrical party where Miss Addison was present, a coxcomb in the guards, on being introduced to the young tragedienne, drawled out, ‘ At what theatres do you pafawm, Miss Addison ? ’ ‘ At Sadler's Wells,’ she replied. ‘ Sadler's Wells ? —aw ! Where do you change horses on the road ? ’ This silly sarcasm, it is said, determined Miss Addison to quit the unaristocratic boards of Sadler's Wells.”

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

A'BECKETT (GILBERT ABBOTT), 10, Hyde-park-gate, South, Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Born in London February, 17, 1811 ; educated at Westminster School ; called

to the Bar in 1841 ; and appointed a Police Magistrate in 1849. Contributed leading Articles for three years to *The Times*, from 1845 to 1848. While still at School, in 1848, started *The Censor*, a fortnightly periodical, in conjunction with an elder brother, now the Judge of Port Philip. Married in 1853. Author of

Comic Blackstone. 1 vol.

Comic History of England. 2 vols.

Comic History of Rome. (Now in progress.)

Quizzology of British Drama; and about 100 published Dramatic Pieces.

Contributor to :—*The Times, Herald, Globe, Punch* ; *The Censor*, a fortnightly periodical in 1828, *Literary Beacon* in 1830, *Figaro in London*, 1831, *George Cruikshank's Table Book*, 1844, *Almanac of the Month*, &c.

A'BECKETT (MARY ANN), Composer. Born in London, April 29, 1817. Married to Gilbert A'Beckett in 1835.

Composer of the operas of Agnes Sorel, produced at the opening of the St. James's Theatre, in December, 1835. London : Mari and Lavem.

Opera of Little Red Riding Hood, performed at the Princess's and Surrey Theatres. London : Chappell.

Various Ballads, Duets, Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c. &c. Cramer and Co. ; Cha; pell ; Ollivier ; Leader and Cocks ; Jullien and Co.

ANDRE (JAMES PETER), 23, York-place, City-road. Landscape Painter. Born in London, September 1st, 1801. Was educated for a commercial life. His father, Mr. James Peter André, senior (a West India merchant), was a first cousin of the much lamented Major André, and the late Sir William Lewis André, Bart. Preferring artistic pursuits, he became for a short time the pupil of the late Mr. John Glover. Received medals from the Society of Arts in 1824-25-26. First exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1823 ; has since been an almost constant annual exhibitor at that and the principal metropolitan Galleries ; but, from ill-health and severe domestic afflictions, and being engaged in other pursuits, has of late painted but few pictures for the public exhibitions. Has exhibited at the Royal Academy, Gallery of the Society of British Artists, British Institution, and several Provincial Galleries, the subjects being various Landscape Compositions, and views of English, Welsh, and French scenery.

ASHLEY (FRANCIS BUNSTEED), Wooburn Vicarage, Beaconsfield, Clerk. Born in Clifton, 1811 ; educated at Addiscombe College ; served in the Artillery at Madras in 1829 ; was in China at the threatened outbreak at Canton, 1830 ; was engaged in suppressing Bristol Riot's (as a civilian) ; connected for three years with the college at Singapore ; passed through St. Bees Theological College, founded by Sir Stamford Raffles ; Secretary to the Bristol Anti-opium Society ; was ordained in 1842, as incumbent of Holme, Westmoreland ; was inducted to vicarage of Wooburn, Bucks, 1847. Author of

Pamphlets on Baptism, 1846 ; Romanism ; Tractarianism ; Mormonism, three Editions ; Unity ; National and Individual Sins.

The Bible Chart. 1848.

The Growing and Devoted Christian.

The Christian Ministry.—Two Editions.

A Pastoral Address.

Health : a Lecture to the Working Classes.

Prayers for Sunday Schools. (Christian Knowledge Society.)

The Domestic Circle. 1851.

The Duties of Husbands ; Wives ; Parents ; Children ; Masters ; Servants ; Brothers and Sisters.

Sermon to Young Men. London : Hatchard. Wycombe : Butler.

Contributed articles in *Singapore Free Press*, 1837.—On Education being connected with Religion ; On Temperance ; On Onium. In the *Lancaster Gazette*.—On Employment of Chaplains on Railways. 1843.

Correspondence. 1849. On the Sabbath Question and Post Delivery, in *Church of England Magazine*. London : Edwards and Hughes.

On the Royal Supremacy, in the *Historic Times*.

Article on Bonco, in *Missionary Magazine*. February, 1847.

On Village Improvement and Education. 1844. London : Nisbet.

As an Amateur Artist, a variety of his pictures have been published at different times. Portrait of James Davies, of Devaniden ; Views of St. Bees College, by Fores, Spur street, London. The New Schools, Wooburn, &c.

FAUSET (ANDREW ROBERT), Editor of Classics, Bishop's-Middleham, Durham. Born at Silverhill, County Fermanagh, Ireland, October 13, 1821 ; chiefly educated at Dungannon Royal School ; entered at Trinity College, Dublin, 1838, as Queen's Scholar ; obtained first University Scholarship, 1841 ; Degree Gold Medal and Senior Classical Moderator, 1842 ; Berkeley Gold Medal for Greek, and seven Vice-Chancellor Prizes for Original Compositions in Latin and Greek, prose and verse ; graduated B.A. in 1813 ; M.A. 1845 ; took Holy Orders, and entered upon the curacy of Bishop's-Middleham, Durham (where he at present is), 1847. Published

An Edition of all the Comedies of Terence, except the Eunuch, with Life of Terence, Prolegomena, and critical Notes. 1844. Dublin : Machen.

An Edition of the first Eight Books of the Iliad of Homer, with critical and exegitical Notes and Examination Questions. 1846. Dublin : Machen.

An Edition of the first Three Books of T. Livy, with Life of Livy ; Prolegomena on the History and Chronology of Early Rome, and copious Notes, critical and historical (the latter chiefly from Niebuhr), on the text. 1849. Dublin : Machen.

Translation in prose of the Hecuba of Euripides. 1850. Dublin : Rooney.

Translation in prose of the Medea of Euripides, with Prolegomena. 1851. Dublin : Rooney.

Is an occasional contributor to the *Irish Christian Examiner*.

MEDLOCK (HENRY), Author and Editor, Senior Assistant in the Royal College of Chemistry, Oxford-street, London. Born at Cambridge in 1824 ; educated by the Rev. W. Burgess, at Sheldene, near Cambridge ; followed the occupation of Chemist and Druggist from 1839 to 1847 ; entered as a student in the Royal College of Chemistry, 1847 ; appointed Junior Assistant in 1849 ; Senior Assistant, 1849. Author of Guide to the Guildford Flora. 1846. Guildford : Russell and Co.

Researches on the Amyl Series, published in the Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society. 1849-50.

Translator and Editor of Schoedler's *Buch der Natur*. 1851. London : Griffin and Co.

MORGAN (WILLIAM), Baptist Minister, Holyhead, born at Newport, Pembrokeshire, in 1800. Author of :

The Evangelical Baptism. Holyhead : W. Morgan. 1828. A Practical Treatise on right Searching of the Holy Scriptures. Cardigan : W. Morgan. 1832.

The War and Victory. 2 Parts. W. Morgan. 1836.

Z on awokened. Cardiff : T. Ap Jenan. 1844.

Analogy of the Faith ; being series of Theological Sermons on Scriptural Divinity. 14 numbers. Holyhead : William Jones. 1850.

Memoirs of Rev. Christmas Evans. Ruthin and Cardiff : John Hughes. 1839.

Contributed to : *Eurygraw Mon* ; *Seren Gomer* ; *Great y Bedwyr* ; *Y Gwyl Fedwyr* ; *Y Bedwyr* : *Athraw i Blentyn*.

SMITH (CHARLES LESINGHAM), Author, Little Canfield, Rectory, near Dunmow, Essex. Born at Shurdington, in the County of Gloucester, 19th May, 1806. Educated chiefly in Worcester. Went to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1825, and was Fifth Wrangler in 1829 ; shortly after elected Mathematical Lecturer and Fellow of that College. Took Holy Orders in 1832, and was presented to the Rectory of Little Canfield, Essex, in 1839. Author of :

Excursions through the Highlands and Isles of Scotland. London : Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1837.

Odes and Sonnets, with other Poems, Scotch, as well as English. Cambridge : J. and J. J. Deighton ; and London : John W. Parker. 1842.

The Poetical Works of C. L. Smith. Cambridge : J. and J. J. Deighton, and London : John W. Parker. 1844.

The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso, translated in the Metre of the Original. London : Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. 1851.

ST. JOHN (MILES AUGUSTUS) son of J. A. St. John, of Plymouth, author of

Margaret Ravensecroft. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Tales of the Ramad'han. 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Hindus. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Anatomy of Society. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Abdallah, an Oriental Poem. 1 vol. post 8vo.

Lives of the celebrated Travellers. 3 vols. 12mo.

Sir Cosmo Digby. 3 vols. post 8vo.

History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece. 3 vols. 8vo.

Travels in the Valley of the Nile. 2 vols. 8vo.

Egypt and Nubia. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Oriental Album. Folio.

Views in Borneo.

There and Back Again.

Iosis : An Egyptian Pilgrimage. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Has published editions with Preliminary Discourses, and Notes of the Prose Works of Milton, Locke, Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Browne, and Lady Montague. Has contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Foreign Quarterly*. Has travelled many times in France, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, and Egypt.

WALCOTT (MACKENZIE E. C.), Curate and Lecturer of St. James's, Westminster, 48a, Jermyn-street, and Oxford and Cambridge Club. Born at Bath, December 15, 1821. He is the only son of Captain Walcott, R. N., of Winkton House, Hants. He was educated at Winchester and Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated in Honours. He graduated M. A. in 1847. He has issued Proposals for a “ Chronicle of the Two St. Mary Winton Colleges, with a new Life of the sole and munificent Founder, and Biographical Memoirs of eminent Wykehamists.” To be published by Mr. Nutt, of the Strand. Author of :

History of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. 1847.

Memorials of Westminster. 1850.

Handbook for St. James's Parish, Westminster. Skellington. 1850.

The English Ordinal ; its History, Validity, and Catechicity. Rivington. 1851.

St. Paul at Athens ; a Sacred Poem. Skellington. 1851.

He has been a contributor to *The United Service Magazine*, *Notes and Queries*, and *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

WHYTE (ALEXANDER), A.M., Minister of Fettercairn, Kincardineshire, Scotland, Author. Born at Ancharr, Fife, 1790 ; educated partly at home, and partly at the Grammar School, Kirriemuir, in the same county ; entered at King's College, Aberdeen, 1806 ; graduated, A.M., 1810 ; studied Divinity in the Divinity Halls of Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Edinburgh during the next five years ; licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Dundee, 1813 ; ordained minister of the parish of Fettercairn, 1817 ; Married, 1827, Jane, daughter of the Rev. James Shand, Minister of Marykirk, Kincardineshire, who died 1843, leaving two sons and two daughters. Published

The Duty of Prayer, illustrated and recommended from Scripture, and from the Opinions and Conduct of Uninformed Persons, with Forms of Prayer for the use of Families and Individuals. 12mo. 1834. Edinburgh : W. Oliphant and Son.

The Heritage of God's People ; being a Practical Dissertation. 12mo. 1837. Edinburgh : Fraser and Co.

The Lord's Supper ; or, Scriptural Views of that Ordinance, and the Mode of Observing it in the Church of Scotland. 12mo. 1839. Edinburgh : Fraser and Crawford.

A Friend to Truth : a Pamphlet on the Non-intrusion Question.—Two Editions. 8vo. 1842.

Vindex.—Two Editions. Pamphlets on the Free Church Schism. 8vo. 1846.

And a variety of Reviews and Literary Articles in the Periodicals of the day.

WILLIAMS (JOHN PRYDDERCH), “ Rhydderch o Fon ”, Assistant at the Post-office, Rhyl, North Wales, Author. Born at Llanddewi-saint, Anglesea, 1830. Author of

The Emigrant Ship ; a Prize Poem at the Rhuddlan Eisteddfod. 1850.

Contributed to :—*Y Dynged ydd* ; *Seren Fomer* ; *Y Croniol* ; *Y Gyrraes* ; *Seren Cymru* ; *Y Amerau* ; *Y Cymro* ; *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* ; *North Wales Chronicle*, &c.

WRIGHT (ICHABOD CHARLES, M.A., F.R.S.L.), Author. Translator of Dante. Late residence, Bramcote, Nottingham ; present residence, Stapleford Hall, Derby. Born at Mapperley, near Nottingham, 1795. Educated at Eton ; entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1814. Graduated in 1817 ; elected Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1819. Became a Banker in Nottingham in 1825, and, in the same year, married Theodosia, daughter of the present Lord Denman. Published : The Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso of Dante, in 1833, 1836, and 1840 successively. Longmans. 8vo.—Second Edition, 1845 (out of print).—Third Edition. Preparing for the Press.

Thoughts on the Currency. London : Pelham Richardson, and Nottingham : Dearden. 1841.

Evils of the Currency. London : Pelham Richardson, and Nottingham : Dearden. 1847.

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a Plan of the Field in 2026; a Plan of the Field in 2027; a Plan of the Field in 2028; a Plan of the Field in 2029; a Plan of the Field in 2030; a Plan of the Field in 2031; a Plan of the Field in 2032; a Plan of the Field in 2033; a Plan of the Field in 2034; a Plan of the Field in 2035; a Plan of the Field in 2036; a Plan of the Field in 2037; a Plan of the Field in 2038; a Plan of the Field in 2039; a Plan of the Field in 2040; a Plan of the Field in 2041; a Plan of the Field in 2042; a Plan of the Field in 2043; a Plan of the Field in 2044; a Plan of the Field in 2045; a Plan of the Field in 2046; a Plan of the Field in 2047; a Plan of the Field in 2048; a Plan of the Field in 2049; a Plan of the Field in 2050; a Plan of the Field in 2051; a Plan of the Field in 2052; a Plan of the Field in 2053; a Plan of the Field in 2054; a Plan of the Field in 2055; a Plan of the Field in 2056; a Plan of the Field in 2057; a Plan of the Field in 2058; a Plan of the Field in 2059; a Plan of the Field in 2060; 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